

THE
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- ART. I.—*Correspondence relative to the Recent Discovery of Gold in Australia.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of Her Majesty, February 3rd, 1852.
2. *Further Papers relative to the Recent Discovery of Gold in Australia.* June 14th, 1852.
 3. *Papers relating to Emigration to the Australian Colonies.* April 30th, 1852.
 4. *Readings in Popular Literature. Ten Years in Australia.* By the Rev. D. Mackenzie, M.A. With an Introductory Chapter containing the Latest Information regarding the Colony. London: Orr and Co.
 5. *The Popular Library. Gold Colonies of Australia.* By G. B. Earp, Esq. London: George Routledge and Co.
 6. *The Gold Fields of Australia.* By S. Mossman, Esq. London: Orr and Co.
 7. *The Three Colonies of Australia—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia—their Pastures, Copper Mines, and Gold Fields.* By Samuel Sidney. London; Ingram, Cooke, and Co., Strand.

Books, pamphlets, speeches, maps, lectures, sermons, and leading articles in newspapers, concerning Australia, have multiplied in an almost geometrical progression in the last few months. The fountains of the great deep are broken up, and pour their torrents into the swollen streams of British literature, threatening an inundation. Australia is the rage. Even parliament has been moved to consider a colonial question, for the

lethargic pool has been stirred with the magic wand of gold. The Blue Books named at the head of this article are proofs of the general excitement. Interesting in themselves, they are historical records of the discovery and progress of a mine of wealth; and it is not a little amusing to mark the perturbation which has affected every rank on account of the sudden inburst of a new and attractive product. The four governors of our southern territories are in the direst perplexity; whether we listen to Sir Charles Fitzroy, Sir William Denison, Sir H. E. F. Young, or Lieutenant-Governor Latrobe, there is the same cry for help. They one and all call for labour, police and military force; for geologists, surveyors, and masters of new mints. To a great extent they must be listened to and answered, and it is not a small pleasure to discern that for once the colonial office is aroused from its slumbers, and expresses itself ready to grant assistance.

Thus much will suffice for the Blue Books; their captivating contents will soon be transferred to the popular page, and we therefore turn to the works already written for the information of the multitude. The books selected bear the general characteristics of nearly every work on Australia which has appeared for the last twenty years; they are jubilant and jocund. This is not to be wondered at, for during that period new states have been bursting into life, and the joys of peaceful conquest have been the privilege of the settler. We veil all deeds of blood—the shame and guilt of a few—to boast of the laurels which have been won by the many. Within these twenty years, the map of New Holland has been gradually filled up; the bays and headlands of the sea-board have been successively settled; river after river has received enterprising cultivators on its banks; steam navigation has united the bristling points of 2000 miles of coast, whilst an average of 200 miles along that coast has been subdued to pasturage or the plough. And what are the results? The marts of trade have been supplied with wool, tallow, horns, hides, ornamental and hard woods, trenails, and copper; so that England, the emporium of trade, is both clothed, adorned, and fortified with the produce of this antipodean and once despised territory. The ebb of transportation has sunk beneath the rising tide of emigration; cities—no mean cities—have been founded; blooming provinces have been occupied by freemen, and civil and religious liberty have secured another home. An exultant style is natural to an Australian writer, a just tribute to flattering and propitious circumstances. How warm his reminiscences; how bright his hopes! He may also write gaily, catching the spirit of the laughing hours. If a clear sky and a flood of light give brilliancy to a pigment, much

more shall they convey lively impressions to the brain. An hilarious atmosphere quickens the nerves, fetches home the distant landscape swiftly and distinctly, and lodges both its soft and rugged pictures pleasantly in the sensorium. Hence springs a theory for the future of Australia, as to rhetoric, and poetry, and song.

‘For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire!
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch th’ Ionian blandness of thy clime;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies,
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman’s eyes,
The arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.’

Having such a pleasing forecast, we will not quarrel with a vaunting style: let the Australian writers be jubilant if they invite us to good; let them merrily recount their tales so long as they confine themselves to truth; and with these provisos, we beg to be enrolled among their number.

The books before us render a minute description of the Australias unnecessary; the relationship of Britain to the dependencies is more important. Starting with the assumption that their interests are mutual and one, we shall endeavour to sketch a wise optimism in respect to both at the present hour. To understand the question of ethnical influence, let the student spread before him a map of the world, and fix his eye on New Holland. There, in its length and breadth, is a fifth continent, little inferior to Europe in size, unscorched by torrid heats, and uncongealed by the rigours of the frigid zones, and accessible at all points from the highway of nations. On the west lie the Cape, Natal, and the coast of Africa up to the Red Sea, the short path to Europe; on the north, the Gulf of Persia, Bombay, Cape Cormorin, Calcutta, Malacca, Burmah, and China; on the east, the avenue to the Arctic Pole, and California, and the length of the American continent. The whole range is studded with islands: Mauritius, Madagascar, Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, Java, Papua, Japan, Hawaii, New Caledonia, Tongataboo, New Zealand, and Van Diemen’s Land. Islands are found on the immediate coast surpassing the insular portions of Europe; and innumerable islets are thrown with prodigal hand upon the ocean, as gems and spangles upon an azure robe. How numerous the tribes of the one great family thus placed in juxtaposition with the new and rapidly extending settlements of the British race; how powerful the bearing of the one upon the other at no distant day—an influence already felt, as Tahiti, California, and the Mauritius well know.

Whether for joy or sorrow, Sydney has already touched the destinies of many lands. The whole Australia must affect them more.

We hastily turn, therefore, from this vast amphitheatre of nations to fix attention upon Australia itself. To prevent discursiveness, we circumscribe our notice to the three colonies of Australia selected by Mr. Sidney in accordance with their paramount value, South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales; the capitals of which are, respectively, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. But this limit is a vast territory:—the map of Britain may be laid within the boundaries of Victoria alone and be engulfed, while the colonies which flank it are of superior dimensions. The first reflection which arises is, that in this new land there is an actual vacancy for all the surplus population of the old. The king himself is served by the field; and here is a field both wide and fruitful enough to serve both prince and people. Each province is sufficient for the purpose. Place them together and they are vessels of magnitude, and still amplifying to receive any amount of living treasure we can pour into them. A surplus population exists in Britain, and is an evil; colonization is a remedy, and its application must be prompt; wisdom, indeed, must be united to decision; act, but act well. When this surplus gathers on our coasts, eager for departure, can aught be better advised than emigration to Australia? Without disparagement to other channels of emigration, this is the best. Six great requisites for successful colonization are ready,—space, productiveness, health, employment, government, and religion. The area already occupied is more than a square mile per head, while two millions of square miles remain unexplored. Allowing for scanty soil, here is room and verge enough for the most ambitious. In point of productiveness, there is a fertility which speedily repays the cultivator. The sheep and cattle in existence will yield more than a pound of meat per day for a million and a half of people for years to come; and according to the demand will be the increase of stock. Should the settler prefer this source of profit to agriculture, then India, Chili, China, Tasmania, and New Zealand, may be his granaries. The healthfulness of the climate has been tested for more than half a century; and from Wide Bay to Wilson's Promontory, and the breezy ridges of Geelong, all the stages of heat and moisture are found favourable to life and enjoyment. Are the fervors of the plain too great, then there is the bracing air of mountains and table lands; are the chills of the heights too piercing, then there are sunny vales. With the exception of a wild native pock, no epidemic or endemic diseases are known. Dysentery and diarrhœa may be

guarded against; the imported diseases die out, or are fended off by quarantine. Typhus, it is true, has appeared in the towns, but must eventually succumb to sanitary regulations. Snakes and bush fires are accidents new to Europeans; but these may be ranked as equivalents for the fires and mischances of our native land.

Employment is the natural result of these physical advantages, and the prospect of it is enlarged by the fact of prior settlement. Our precursors write a welcome upon the gates of every harbour, 'Enter in and possess;' other men have laboured, the pioneers are still at work, and we may cheerfully enter into their labours, and become sharers of the spoil. This is no vain boast; the land is already subdued; thousands of acres wave with barley, maize, and wheat; orchards are laden with the apple, almond, fig, mulberry, peach, nectarine, pomegranate, orange, lemon, citron, and the grape; and gardens bloom. As passing specimens, fields exist which have been cropped with wheat for twenty years without exhaustion; one orange grove on the Paramatta river is rented at £300 a year; a vineyard of ten acres, at Port Macquarie, has yielded 6660 gallons of wine; another on the Hunter has returned 1000 gallons to the acre; the flower shows of Sydney are elegant and choice. The pastoral occupations of these colonies are their pride and wealth; there are cattle upon a thousand hills; the axe is heard in the forest, the spindle and the shuttle in the town. Here is employment; but we advance. There are quays, shops, warehouses, and stores; timber, clay, stone, marble, coal, and copper, are wrought; there are brass and iron founderies, smithies and manufactories of steam engines, agricultural implements and machines; ship-building exists and advances; the whale boats of New South Wales are unmatched in the world. But where shall we stop? a single glance at commerce will complete the sketch; the white wing of the swift ships and the iron arm of steam are breasting the waters, and the helm is up for the friendly lighthouse or the favourite port; the harbours of Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Geelong swarm with a mosquito fleet from the coast, and the giant navies of distant regions cast anchor there. They come from India, China, and the whaling grounds, and still they come; from America, New Zealand, Tasmania, Polynesia, Mauritius, the Cape, France, Germany, Sweden, and, above all, from Great Britain. There is employment in its most varied form and in its fullest scope. A dry catalogue like the foregoing proves a demand for labour, and insures a mart for capital. Tyre, Venice, Genoa, and Arcadia, are revived on the new continent, and call for the mariners whose cry is in their ships, and for shepherds, and herdsmen, and arti-

sans. These generals include particulars which may be easily developed, such as the requirements for domestic economy, tuition, and embellishment. They plainly tell of servants, labourers, builders, teachers, performers, artists, lawyers, physicians, and divines. These are the multifarious wants of a civilised community, and three such communities exist in the three Australias.

Civilization is a potent word; it includes government and religion: nor need we retract it, for in each province there is a vigorous executive, and religion is on a par with its development at home. A Samoan chief gazed on Sydney; he was oppressed with a crowd of people and a mass of houses shutting out nature; he looked apathetically on a review of a regiment of soldiers; but when he visited the new gaol at Darlinghurst he broke out in admiration, 'Here is a terrible evidence of power; it is thus you secure order; you are a great people.' Another thinker might fix his attention upon numerous places of worship, and a decorous Sabbath; and any thoughtful man may, according to his taste, select, as an exponent of power and progress, the following particulars which already exist—the delegates assembled in the colonial legislature; races and race-courses in every important town; hospitals, lunatic asylums, courts of law, asylums for the poor; public and private schools, libraries, mechanics' institutes; and in Sydney a university, with well-paid professors and an admirable curriculum. The ministers of religion are entitled to high place; many of them would be men of consideration in their native land; some of the astronomers, geologists, botanists, and anatomists of Australia possess a world-wide fame. In one word, Australia is a true Colonia. Although not founded on the Greek model, the institutions of the mother country, both civil and religious, are reflected there. This is the earnest of indefinite advancement.

Australia, therefore, is the lode-star of emigration. But let us pause. Emigration must not be a torrent rapid and tumultuous, lest it destroy as it proceeds. The labour market fluctuates, and injury may ensue, although but for a season, by a too sudden supply. The entrances to an empty theatre may be choked by a crowd; and so the vacant spaces in this gigantic Colosseum may remain a hopeless void from too great a crush at the gates. Prudence dictates an even flow, and then it may be perennial. The transportationists are silenced, and we will not raise their ghosts; but let the advocates of Asiatic labour beware. Should their creed become paramount, British emigration will receive a check. Quality, as well as quantity, is to be considered, and proportionate number is also to be kept in view. We have no sympathy with the Coolie and Chinese

schemes. Let California, rebellious against the Chinese irruption, operate as a warning. The low fed and poorly paid Asiatic can be brought in by shoals until the colony is swamped, and what will be the result? A huge and obscene male population, a contest of races, and the oppression, perhaps the enslavement, of the weak. Does not America teach us a lesson! It cannot be forgotten that the most savage tribes of the most savage islands were introduced, with all their cannibal propensities, in the year 1847; but happily, to the confusion of the avaricious men who had cajoled them under the promise of a visit to new lands. Are such glaring outrages to be repeated? We trust not. Such schemes are as unpatriotic as they are purblind and vile. There is legal power to inflict this wrong; then let the public voice be raised against it—determinedly raised, and raised at once.

Emigration should be free, clean, and strong. By this statement of general principles we exclude convictism, the exuviae of which are now nearly absorbed in the soil, and Irish orphans, with dirt and misery conjoined, and enfeebled paupers, whether male or female. Solemnly do we echo the voice of the great Australian league against transportation; it must not be continued, even to Van Diemen's Land, for the culprit will soon find his way to Victoria; and we are happy to hear rumours of its being utterly abolished to these regions. It may have had its use in the first stages of colonization, but now it will prove a curse. Spontaneous emigration is the only desirable form; 'the shovelling out of paupers,' as it is termed with more force than euphony, is therefore to be deprecated. Parishes undoubtedly consult self-interest in sending out their poor, and the poor themselves are greatly benefited; but there is danger of coercion being employed which would destroy the energy of the man afterwards, and might thus prevent the improvement of his condition. The insolence of mendicancy would, in such case, usurp the place of freedom. Pauper women also are apt to abandon an honest livelihood for that which, in the case of females, is emphatically called a dishonest one. The seeds of corruption sown in the workhouse, grow up rank, and bear pernicious fruit. The best policy of the parishes is to help men before they become paupers. A loan will, in general, be gratefully repaid; and where several aids are granted, the average returns will leave a large balance in favour of the parish against the actual cost of the impoverishment caused by neglect. A contract to repay an additional sum for interest will be a good insurance for loss occasioned by defaulters.

Next comes bounty emigration. But this has its attendant

evils; the labourer has too much done for him, and instead of being thrifty to return the money expended on his passage, mess, and outfit, he is prone to waste his sudden affluence in riotous living. While men remained ignorant of the advantages of emigration, something was required to tempt them forth; but now that these advantages are notorious, and a glittering prize is held forth on the other side, it is probable this form of emigration will gradually cease. Loans from benevolent friends, and from societies, and the assistance of emigration clubs, come next in order, and in a higher scale of value. The praiseworthy exertions of Mrs. Chisholm have proved the fact that persons will save to obtain the means of going abroad, and that a little help will call all their energies into action; and further, that such loans are repaid. The Family Colonization Society is a step in the right direction. Such assistance does not diminish self-respect; it awakens honour; it cherishes gratitude toward a benefactor. Unassisted emigration is the best of all, for then the adventurer has already embarked his capital in the enterprise, and will summon every power to ensure a profitable return; there is no drawback to the glory of his success. Emigration is good in proportion as it is free in action, cleanly in habit, pure in morals, and vigorous in mind or limb, and becomes pre-eminently beneficial as these qualifications are consolidated by patience, perseverance, and a right good-will.

And now for the reward. It is direct and immediate to the moral lusty labourer. Employment of all kinds is ready for him, and full remuneration. One specimen will illustrate a class. William W—— was a poor man in Gloucestershire, broken down by hardship and anxiety. His spirited wife said she would work for both if he would but try Australia; they sold a patrimonial cottage, received a little help from benevolent neighbours, and started to behold the sea for the first time, and to brave its dangers. Thus was evoked in their humble hearts the spirit of Columbus, as he ventured to seek a new world. Arrived at Sydney, the wife obtained an engagement before she left the ship. The husband rallied under the enlivening climate; they soon worked in concert; anon they found themselves possessors of a horse and cart, purchased by their own earnings; and again they put forth new energies, cleared a piece of ground, and built a cottage. They were religious people: that cottage became a Sunday school and a house of prayer. God prospered them, and in six years William, leaning over the side of his cart, and addressing a member of the Legislative Council, who had just drawn up in his gig, gave his sentiments on emigration in these words:—‘You may tell the people of

England this is the country for the poor man.' A place of worship is now built near William's cottage.

Above the class of absolutely poor men will be found the artisan who discerns a cloud gathering over his waning day, menacing a storm and premature darkness before the journey of life is done. His timely departure will probably secure present comfort and a peaceful age; his horizon clears as he travels, and Hesperus prolongs his twilight, and ushers in his night. His children may rise up to call him blessed. He need not care for his original trade; he may embrace some other occupation, and earn bread enough and to spare; and what does it matter to him that he has ceased to be a jeweller or a gunsmith to become a shepherd or a farmer? he is every way a gainer by the exchange.

There is room also for a numerous class in our middle ranks, who are always verging toward poverty. Their efforts to rise above the slough only plunge them the more deeply in the mire. These know what the battle of life is; they are at perpetual warfare with depressing circumstances, a diminishing capital, and increasing competition. They are like charioteers compelled to drive on along a filament of road; to stop is death—to proceed is perilous—to turn impossible—they must rush forward, although it be to dare their ruin. From the same middle class proceed the host of clerks and shopmen. Their name is legion. The colonies are often overstocked with such, and they too frequently tempt abroad the miseries endured at home. But this is not a necessary result. If they will but quit their sedentary occupations and become shepherds and stockmen, they reverse the wheel of fortune. Take that pitiable object, a lawyer's clerk; if he perversely stick to the desk, why he must take his poor pittance, and remain an unfortunate nobody; but if he leave the city for the bush, the melancholy wight and his equally woe-begone wife may save a clear twenty pounds a-year, and enjoy good living into the bargain. He must turn his little learning to account, and be schoolmaster to his children, and the woman must teach housewifery to the girls, and by the time the children are put forth in life the parents may command a flock or an herd, and end their days with the ease and dignity of patriarchal life—a consummation never to be attained by the mere lawyer's clerk. The same illustration will do for other clerks, and for shopmen. And the bright point of the picture is, that the single man under his expanding prospects may marry, and look forward to a thriving and healthful progeny. From the same middle class issue forth the ruined tradesman, merchant, manufacturer, and

farmer. To fall in Britain is to fall in a crowd, and to be trodden under foot; but in Australia these may spring up again, and run a new career, not broken, but strengthened by misfortune, thus passing through the valley of humiliation to a pleasant upland. Examples abound. They may not reach a glittering height, the dreams of youth may have passed away for ever, but they lose known dangers for tranquillity and repose.

But Truth must frown as well as smile, and she looks sternly on certain offshoots of this middle class, who had better not try emigration, but abide in their own place and amend. For instance,—*Do-nothing gentlemen and profligates*. Fond friends encourage the deceit that they will flourish in a new soil, but they sink the sooner, and find an earlier grave. Some men launch on their travels to avoid shame. It will be well if remorse lead to reformation, or penitence induce virtue; but otherwise the change is most pernicious, the disgrace more sure: a change in the character, and not in the place, can alone ensure prosperity. The Derby Day, peculation, embezzlement, and nameless crimes, have doubtless swelled the present flood of emigration, but the furies follow on the winds which waft the ship, and scourge the guilty in their distant hiding-place. For those who fly from their native land, cherishing a silent and a tender sorrow, we have more cheering words; the sunshine, deep woods, or the balmy breeze, will pity them, and dissipate their gloom. The same kindness is prepared for the consumptive patient, if an abode in a rugged climate has not been delayed too long; and to the invalid from India there is no place equal to New South Wales.

One word to the capitalist. He may safely carry his treasure to the south; but he must be patient, for to seize every flattering speculation is to court disappointment. As Mr. Tremenhoe has well observed with regard to Canada, so it will be found in Australia—there ought to be a residence on the spot for eighteen months or two years before an investment is made. In this lengthened apprenticeship, the capitalist will gain experience of men and things, and his temporary loss of interest will prove a profit in the end. Knowledge is power, and in no case is the sentiment more forcibly exemplified. A lack of this prerequisite has led to fearful and fatal mistakes. How can a stranger know the resources and wants of the community? Wisdom waits on patience. The capitalist must become an observer, and pause before he acts. Then he may do well.

But we must not omit the fair half of creation. The anxious wife, mothers, and daughters demand consideration. The truthful answer to their inquiries, that the heaviest sorrows of emi-

gration fall on women, must be fearlessly explained. The female emigrant acutely feels her separation from friends—the friends of her youth—residence in solitude or among strangers—and the inevitable calls of unaccustomed work. These are griefs—deep griefs; within a certain limit, lawful griefs. When woman is the reluctant companion of her adventurous lord, the sorrow sometimes becomes incurable. But if the wife or child brace herself to duty, as wives and daughters do, with heroic devotedness, the recompence is certain; difficulties vanish; the hand becomes adept to domestic work; the new scene grows attractive; and a home, with all its endearments, is raised in the wild. To thwart a brave man in an attempt to build a family abroad, is often the excess of folly; but cheerful union for a common good ensures a double blessing. Daughters need not be dismayed; as in the case of Arab girls, there is always enough excitement in a caravan to give them youthful glee. They may lose finery for freedom, hollow compliment for honest admiration, and have greater freedom to choose either single blessedness or matrimonial bliss. In a country where wives are at a premium, they may be coquettish or prudish to their heart's content; but let them ever remember that modesty is as valuable, and meekness as ornamental, and delicacy as charming in the southern as in the northern hemisphere—perhaps more so. There is full occupation for those who are dependent, whether as teachers or domestics, and whether to the shame or the honour of the British, about the same relative reward for their services. Experience shows also that the vanity of following a light and genteel business, in preference to robust employment, prevails as much in Australia as in England, and with the same sad result. Hence distressed needlewomen, transplanted to better their condition, frequently continue distressed needlewomen to the end. Oh! that they had the common sense to leave an enervating employment for household drudgery and dairy work, fraught with activity, health, and reward. This were a gymnasium and a discipline to transform the thriftless into the prudent, and the feeble into the strong: and, looking to the future, it were to provide the vigorous parents of a sturdy race. The converse of this need not be noticed. By all means let our distressed countrywomen share in the good fortune of their Australian sisterhood; but to attain this they must not shrink from the wash-tub, the scrubbing-brush, and the broom. In commercial phrase, cooks, housemaids, nurserymaids, dairymaids, housekeepers, and servants of all work, are in brisk demand; milliners and dress-makers are a drug in the market.

The foregoing rapid and condensed sketch of persons

eligible for emigration may suffice for general guidance; but circumstances must determine particular cases. There are persons whose habits and temperament unfit them for success abroad, who yet might have been happy at home; there are others, again, who were never in their right places until they dared the new scenes and dangers of Australia. Emigration is good as a general rule, but let every one weigh well the exceptions. It is an admirable rule of life 'to let well alone.' Another, and more valuable rule is, to seek the guidance of 'the Father of lights.' It is no mean thing to poise the wing for a distant flight. The house-sparrow had better remain alone upon the house-top than be emulous of the migratory boldness of the swallow. Numbers, however, produce averages, and large families can hardly do wrong in emigrating to a wide and fertile country.

The late mineral discovery does not detract from the preceding remarks, but adds weight to them. Let the reader suppose them to have been written prior to May 1851, and then consider what has happened since. In that year, and just as Britain and the continent were all excitement to join in the peaceful ovation of the Great Exhibition, gold, a main embellishment in that glorious show, was found on the table-land of Bathurst; and before the exhibition closed, an Australian specimen was brought under the same roof with the Californian tea-service, and the huge mass of American auriferous ore. Before the year had closed, golden veins were traced, both north and south, along the chain and the spurs of the Australian cordillera down to the verge of Bass's Straits. The amount of metal raised since then is in value upwards of £3,000,000: its annual produce, at the present rate of working, is about £10,000,000. This is a startling fact, and must exercise a wide influence; it is like a mountain cast into the sea, whose circling undulations reach every shore. It touches the most assailable and the quickest impulse of man, the love of money. In California, gold created a country; but in Australia, it only advances it. For, without professing deep philosophy, we may simply regard gold as an additional raw product, a new staple demanding its own labourers, and promising its own wealth. But then the demand will be urgent; it occasions a scramble to which multitudes rush pell mell: it is also ready capital lying in the land which produced it, and which, as capital, will draw additional labour thither. It multiplies its inherent force. As an æconomical element, therefore, it demands, in connexion with the interests of the empire, a little further consideration.

Induction made the discovery; experience acquired in California led Mr. Hargreaves to search among the rocks of similar

formation in New South Wales; and the Baconian process triumphed—gold was found. It is now supposed to range from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-eighth degrees of latitude, and at certain points in eleven degrees of longitude. The report of Mr Stuehberry ('Correspondence,' p. 1), and the thesis of the Rev. W. B. Clarke, ('Further Correspondence,' p. 5,) give a fair notion of the extent and position of the auriferous rocks; and that they are of aqueous origin bursting through the schist. But strange to relate, the metal is generally pure, but very slightly oxydated, and is held in the rock in mechanical suspension, and not in chemical combination. It appears in the matrix in filaments, lumps, scales, specks, microscopic grains, down to impalpable atoms, which can only be reached by mercury. It has evidently exuded exuberantly from an incandescent mass, and then it became the sport of deluges, and was hurried down to the streamlet and the plain. In many districts it is a wide alluvial deposit, but distributed with all the irregularity and freak of any other drift. Where the curling waters made strong eddy, gold is huddled up in pockets; and where the schists raised dikes, it is caught at the base of the barrier, or has sunk into the chinks. Otherwise, it is swept away from the surface of ancient slopes, and has been deposited either in ravines, or gullies, or caverns, which at present elude the search. Hence gold-finding must be a lottery; science and tact may diminish the chances of disappointment, but a risk remains; the most skilful may be deceived, the stupid may be lucky—an important consideration which should always enter into the estimate of the adventurer. Do what he will, he runs a risk. Explorers have opened a digging within a yard of a fortunate finder, and have not realized an ounce; others, again, have, by the merest accident, pitched upon a rich store. Take authenticated instances; one man realised £8000 in a week, another £30,000 within a month, but party after party have returned to pursue the ordinary slow winnings of life in abandonment of a fruitless search. Even gold may be bought too dear; one party consisting of three gentlemen and two hired labourers came back after having expended a large amount of time and labour; on making up accounts, they found that every ounce of dust had cost them £45. The sanguine, therefore, must abate their expectations, and prepare for disappointment, and put up with a second best, or a third-rate lot, or even worse:—a salutary hint to the young gentlemen who abandon good situations and comfortable homes for golden waters, whose lively undulations and fascinating glimmer may prove to be a mocking mirage. Nor can it be said, without hyperbole, that the gold is inexhaustible; it is very extensive, it is very abundant; but it can

be as surely cleared as a turnip field. It may last in particular patches for a short season, and in extended districts for a longer period: but the days of all the diggings are numbered, some of the first are already closed. The alluvial deposit having been gleaned, the workings of the matrix may prolong the age of gold, but even this must give way at last to iron and dull lead. It would be absurd to speak of absolute exhaustion; there are still golden sands in the Pactolus; but profitable working has its limit—and the rewards of labour in this flattering field must grow ‘small by degrees, and beautifully less.’ Gold companies, with their machinery and mercury, may, in a few years, come into play; but even these at last must direct their capital and skill to some other product. The drawing of the lottery is a great excitement: but the day closes, not upon the announcement of prizes, but a constant repetition of blanks. This must eventually be the case even with the discovery of gold: for it is an established fact in mineralogy, that this metal is superficial. It is interesting to speculate on its formation and its first bed; but this is too great a depth for our present purpose; it is sufficient to know, that, once detected and laboriously exhumed, the hidden wealth stimulates the ardour of rational and immortal man (a pensive suggestion); and hence the picture given below of nature invaded by man in this insatiable search.

‘The scene has been so often described as scarcely to bear repetition; but it is not easy to convey the conception of it by any description on paper. Gunyas and tents of every conceivable shape and construction, from the lined and comfortable marquee down to a few boughs or a calico sheet, stand in certain spots, as thick almost as houses in a street, tenanted by as many as can find room to lie down in them, busy at daybreak with cooking preparations, but deserted as soon as the meal is hastily prepared and swallowed; then closed and left to take care of themselves till the return of the miners for an equally hasty mid-day meal, and again till supper-time. At night the fires are made up, and the appearance of long lines of blazing logs, with a few dark figures hovering around them, is striking and picturesque in the extreme. But the labour of the day soon produces its effect, and the majority drop off to repose, leaving the bush as silent as if untenanted, except when broken by the barking of some restless dog.’—Earp, p. 143.

These are the spots to which men are hurrying, there to pursue toils analogous to the work of navigators on a river bank, trenching the soil in muck and wet down to the living rock, as if to excavate the foundations of a huge Titanic structure. Gold is beautiful when wrought, but the working of it is not so attractive. Ye soft-handed sons of art and commerce, weigh your strength and will against the inert pick and shovel, and the stubbornness of earth, before ye attempt the contest! But,

if, nothing daunted, ye are ready to dig, we will not keep you back; the gravel, clay, and adamant will find you full employ—

‘Go forth and prosper then, emprising band:

May He, who in the hollow of His hand

The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind’s sweep,

Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!’

The flag of the Ingots is gathering as many followers as the banner of Saladin and the standard of the Crusades, but with a different object, and a more favourable result; the countless throng will not breed famine and pestilence as of old; they enter no hostile territory or inhospitable clime; they sow not the horrors of war, but, seeking the blessings of peace, each one helps his fellow. Only save us from convictism and the Asiatic swarms, and we have no fear of such calamities. Our first trust is in the presiding power, which enjoined man to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. The prophecy and promise to Japhet is emblazoned, and is secure. Emigration is God’s will. Next there are natural outlets for a prodigious influx; they may be read off from the outlines of the map; Wide Bay, Moreton Bay, the Clarence, the Meleay, Port Macquarie, Port Stephens, the Hunter, Sydney, Shoalhaven, Illawarra, Twofold Bay, Jervis Bay, Port Albert, Western Port, Melbourne, Geelong, Portland, Port Fairy, the Glenelg, and Adelaide. The upland of New England, Patrick’s Plains, Bathurst, Argyle, and Maneroo, give a wide invitation. These are strong absorbents; and if not sufficient, then there are the western slopes of the mountains; or men may flow back again to New Zealand and Van Dieman’s Land, whence they have of late been so suddenly collected. Then, again, a brief space suffices to transform the employed into employers; the glut of to-day is the demand of to-morrow. Fresh natural productions are in store, and crave capital and industry; and some well-known articles will be cultivated, such as cotton, oil, silk, sugar, and tobacco. Cotton has been particularly insisted upon, and the soil and the climate are favourable; but the days of profitable cultivation of this valuable article are not yet come; freights are too high, capital too profitably employed, labour too dear. But in the advance of the colony and the increase of labour, capital will find its way to the rich cotton grounds of the north, and the cheapness of cultivation may be an equivalent for the expense of transport. Under these probable circumstances, the planter will find remuneration—and thus, by the growth of cotton in particular, the labour market will have a new drain. Bounty emigration, also, is under control, and may be regulated according to the demand, until, in

the nature of things, it will cease. Something, also, may be done to meet a perennial supply by public works, and especially by railroads, so that there is little apprehension of a redundancy; and if there be an excess of emigration at any period, it will only be temporary, for relief, immediate relief, is at hand.

Railroads are entitled to a little further consideration; the world has learned their value; they multiply and diffuse national resources; they are the servants and the auxiliaries of steam (steam itself being the concentration and augmentation of strength), and they are the co-executors of the electric telegraph, that magic minister of knowledge. They are more and more valuable in certain localities, and grow in importance with the growing history of man; they promise much for the valley of the Euphrates, for India, the United States, and Canada; they are the hope of Australia. A road from Sydney to Melbourne, to begin with, will open a line of 600 miles along the auriferous region; will give, as it were, two lines of coast; will dive into the heart of fertile regions, and unite two chief ports. This feat accomplished, lines to Adelaide and the Hunter, and onward to Brisbane, will follow as a matter of course. The railway, like the gold itself, will be a fresh employment of labour; it will also be a safe investment for capital. It will carry a full-fledged civilization to the interior. The country is favourable to the rail; there are no engineering difficulties from Sydney to Melbourne, while the timber at hand, and the facilities, as to direction and soil, will probably keep the expenditure below £5000 per mile. Attempts have been made, but they languish for want of capital; the colonists not being content with a guaranteed five per cent., and being already engaged in more profitable occupation. But this guarantee may be increased to six per cent., and the calculated returns are ten per cent. This is sufficient inducement for English capital in a thoroughly English land; and soon the accumulated wealth of the miners must, in the absence of government securities, seek investment in works of this order. The thought of the workmen running away to the diggings need not be entertained; even at this hour there are upwards of seventy men steady to their work on the Sydney and Paramatta line; and before a company can be brought into operation, the legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria can put clauses in their railway acts sufficiently stringent to hold imported labourers to their bargains. There is no fear of an Australian railway company not being 'a paying concern.' And when established, it will regulate the market for horny hands; and may creep or fly along in different directions as the resources of the provinces become slowly or rapidly developed. Is it too much to say that pro-

gress will be stopped before the railroad touches Cape York, or the submarine telegraph reach Sincapore, and through it the very centre of Europe!

Of the books in review, first comes an old favourite, David Mackenzie, who writes in an interesting and instructive vein. The emigrant may quickly glance through his pages, and on rising from their perusal say, 'This is the very information I want.' Mr. Mackenzie, however, must, in a new edition, correct his view of Sydney society: the period to which he refers is now past; since he first observed, all the good has become better, and the bad has become mitigated or removed. We commend him to alter statements like the following:—'If you were only to peep into the police-office on a Monday forenoon, you would then see a lovely specimen of our morality. Scores of men, women, boys, and girls, who had been dragged off the streets on the preceding evening for drunkenness, fighting, and other similar offences, standing with brazen faces to hear their respective sentences. You may then, every two or three minutes, hear thundered forth, with the voice of authority, from the magistrate's bench:—'Six hours to the stocks'—'Ten days to the cells'—'Twenty days to the treadmill'—'Fifty lashes (on his bare back)!' The stocks, the cells, the wheel, and the cat, are among the things that were.

Mr. Earp's 'Gold Colonies' is a hasty compilation, correct in the main, but wanting in the discrimination which an eye-witness can alone possess. Whether it be a blemish or an excellence, he leaves much to the deduction of the reader's mind; he scarcely ventures a decision on important points. Judging this to be a fault, we have endeavoured to correct it in these pages.

Mr. Mossman's little volume is racy, the production of a lively and well-informed observer. His earnest warnings, addressed to the profligate, the inert, or the inexperienced, are valuable. He has been lecturing through the country, and certainly few deserve so much attention. His fearless denunciations of fraud and folly make him terrible to some, but his straightforwardness and sincerity entitle him to respect. He has trodden many a foot of the Australian territory, and vividly, and warmly, and truly depicts the glowing scene. His commendations of persons and things are also disinterested.

Mr. Sidney's volume has just reached us, and we have in consequence been able only to glance over it hastily. The author is a veteran in the colonization cause, and his work will create a sensation. His anecdotes illustrate the principles we have laid down, and suggest many points which require remark.

We shall recur to his work next month, and in the mean time recommend it to the favourable notice of our readers.

The dislocation of society occasioned by the gold discovery is touched upon by the latter authors, and doubtless the several provinces have felt much inconvenience ; but Sydney has rallied already ; Melbourne and Geelong must soon revive, and Adelaide need not despair. The treasures of South Australia are great and enduring. The Adelaideans have done wisely in immediately opening a road to Mount Alexander, and when fresh hands arrive to work their own mines of copper returning prosperity is certain. Instructed by the success of this last act, South Australia ought now to aim at the navigation of the Murray ; then a large amount of commerce must pour through her gates, and she will become a flourishing emporium. We cannot close without mentioning the inadequate descriptions of Sydney which have appeared. It is impossible to speak of this city aright. Mr. Barker's panorama, twenty years ago, had something of the transparency and lucidity of the subject, and those who can remember that painting may partially comprehend the peculiar beauty of the southern metropolis, but the pen fails to depict it. Sydney, as the morning mists disperse, rises like a second Carthage, queen of the waters ; the beams of the wakening sun mantle on her diadem, and his setting rays throw around her a purple robe : during the day she is canopied in his light ; he woos and wins her love ; the moon takes her for a sister ; and the stars, as they cluster in the dark blue ether, send forth to her their friendly greetings. Let the past of her history be forgotten, oblivion suits it ; the present is glorious ; the future who shall tell !

Looking forward, a brightening sign appears ; pure religion, and undefiled, exists in Australia, the Spirit of God has already given emphatic testimony to the word of his grace in the conversion of notorious offenders, in a reformation of manners, in reviving the church. A missionary spirit reigns ; Sydney is the focal point for the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the Church of England Board of Missions, in juxtaposition with the centre of operations of the Romish missions in Oceana. We know full well which shall prevail. The Christians of the Georgian and Harvey groups on the east, and the evangelized of New Zealand, Tongataboo, the Figis, the Harpais, the Samoas, the New Hebrides, Hawaii, and the Kissas of the Indian Archipelago, find brethren in Sydney—loving helpful brethren. And if God continue His favours, His ministers shall go forth from Australia to regions beyond. The blackest cloud of heathenism rests on the lands to the north, and immediately contiguous to these

shores. In the season of persecution Australia is a fit wilderness to receive the hunted church ; and if this be not required, the church there may have the honour and the glory, as it now seems to have the disposition, to make known among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

ART. II.—*Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea.* Based on Family and State Papers. By Hepworth Dixon. One vol. 8vo. London : Chapman and Hall. 1852.

IF there be any persons really doubtful of the power of our navy, under able management, to protect our shores, independently of the army, we recommend them to read this well-timed volume. We are willing to make the most ample allowances for the advantages which steam may now give to the French nation, and to add all others which the more highly disciplined, the greatly augmented, and the more scientifically armed land-forces of the continent may suggest. These advantages cannot bear any proportion to those which those nations possessed over us at the time that Blake was placed at the head of our navy. France and Spain had their large and powerful fleets; Holland was held to possess an invincible one. Their former admirals, Tromp, De Witt, De Ruiter, De Wilde, and others, swept our shores with grand armaments in the confidence of their national predominance at sea. Nearly the whole of the continent was ill-affected to England, on account of the destruction of the monarchy. The exiled Stuarts and their followers were there stirring up all possible hostility against us ; and Holland, Protestant and republic, which should have made common cause with us, influenced by the same motives, their stadtholder having married a Stuart, and still more from jealousy of the extension of our mercantile and colonial power, was opposed to us mortally. The cause of monarchy, of the Catholic religion, and of an ancient dynasty, overthrown and ejected, all united the majority of the nations against England, and the motives to invade and humble this country were far stronger than they can be now. A terrific shock, such as was without example or previous conception in the annals of the world, that of a nation calling its monarch to account for treason to the constitution, arraigning, condemning, and executing him, as a traitor to liberty and the state, had inspired every kingdom in the

world with a burning desire to punish so audacious a people, and efface so appalling a precedent from the policy of nations; and the heir to the devastated throne, with all his expatriated courtiers and nobility, was on fire to reach our shores, resume his ancient patrimonial seat, and take vengeance for the blood of his father and the humiliation of his family. All those whose faith and whose political interests had been wounded in the person of the decapitated king, yearned for the accomplishment of this event.

And what was the naval power which England had to oppose to a world thus bent on its subjugation?—

‘The navy,’ says Mr. Dixon, ‘when Blake was called on to assume the chief command at sea, was about in the same condition as that in which Cromwell had found the old army. Abuses existed everywhere, in the admiralty-offices, in the dock-yards, in the forts and naval stations, on board the ships, and many of them were of long standing and flagrant character . . . When the new commissioners came to examine the details of the actual state of the navy, they found the disorder greater than was feared. Few of the vessels were seaworthy; the wages of the common sailors were not regularly paid; and when vessels came into port, the poor men had commonly to wait some weeks before they could obtain their money; no proper care was taken of their rations; often the biscuit was mouldy, the beer sour, the meat rank; the system of imprisonment was bitterly complained of; while, in the neglect to provide hospitals for the wounded and asylums for the infirm, the dictates of sound policy and the calls of humanity had been equally spurned.’—pp. 122—24.

Still more, there was disaffection in the navy; and just before, no less than eleven vessels, carrying altogether no less than 291 guns and 1260 men, had renounced their obedience, and sailed for the Dutch coast. The combined fleets of England, ill-conditioned in crew and vessel, amounted, after this defection, when assembled in the Downs, to only about twenty ships. Such being the state of things, Blake, a landsman, a brave commander on shore, but little or nothing accustomed to the sea, at the age of fifty, assumed the arduous task of first naval captain of the realm; and we may now see what the British fleet could effect in a few years under such guidance.

Blake commenced his career with a fleet of only five ships, with which he was instructed, in language singularly grandiloquent compared with the means put at his command, ‘to pursue, seize, surprise, scatter, fight with, and destroy’ the ships of the revolted fleet, and to suppress pirates and protect lawful traders in the exercise of their calling. This took place in the commencement of 1649; and between that time and 1657, the year of his death—that is, in the short space of little more than seven years—it is astonishing what a vast amount of material service he had achieved. In less than three years he had

chased the Stuart fleets, under the princes Rupert and Maurice, from the ocean; had introduced thorough reforms into the whole naval and dockyard system; had rebuked the pride of Portugal, read a significant lesson to France and Spain, freed the southern and great midland seas from privateers, and left a salutary dread of the young commonwealth on the naval shores of Barbary and Italy. In exterminating the corsair power of the cavaliers, Blake had to break up their strongholds in the Scilly Isles, and Jersey, and Guernsey. These were believed to be impregnable.

'Nature,' says Mr. Dixon, 'might have formed the Scilly Isles for a pirate hold. Dangerous sunken rocks, an extremely intricate channel, a sea unrivalled for swell and violence, combined to prevent the approach of frigates or other armed vessels towards the centre of the group; and, as the ruins still visible show, art had come efficiently in aid of nature—for, at every point where it seemed possible to effect a landing, stood block-houses and batteries, connected with each other by lines and breastworks of the most formidable character. On St. Mary's Island, even at that time the wealthiest and most populous of the group, these field-works were bound together by castles of great strength and commanding position. Old-Town Castle, a strong pile in the days of Leland; Star Castle, with its ditch and ramparts, built by Sir John Godolphin, in Elizabeth's reign; and the Giant's Castle, standing on the crest of a bold and rugged cliff. Some of the islets were extremely fertile; corn grew in abundance on many of them; and they were all well stocked with rabbits, cranes, swans, herons, and sea-fowls. Into this convenient hold Rupert poured men, money, and warlike stores. He gave the command to the gallant Sir John Grenville. The islanders, mere children of the sun and sea, willingly joined in the attempt to convert their home into an important magazine and naval station; and to render this extraordinary combination of natural and artificial defences perfect, two thousand picked men were landed there as a garrison, aided by a multitude of cavalier gentry whose private fortunes had been wasted in the long wars. The storehouses on these rocks were filled with the captured merchandize of all nations; but the chief articles stored up were silks, corn, wine, oil, timber, and the precious metals.'—p. 148.

But Blake appeared before these sea-castles, and by a new mode of warfare—that of cannonading fortifications from ships, which, though now common enough, he was the first to introduce—he soon made himself master of them, with all their stores and forces. The Channel Islands were considered still stronger, and were under the command of Sir George Carteret, a brave and experienced officer.

'Even after the appearance of Blake and Ascue off the Scilly Islands, Carteret, still confident in his own resources, and secure in a fortress which, since the days of Rollo, had never been assailed with success, continued his destructive warfare on commerce. He had, indeed, no choice. Upwards of four thousand men, the remains of veteran armies and sea-roving

adventurers, thronged the two little islands. He was bound to feed them, and it was desirable to keep the more destructive spirits employed at sea. Of Jersey itself he had no fears; its position was strong by nature, and had been rendered yet stronger by art; storms rarely ceased in that part of the English channel; sunken rocks, lying near the surface, not only render the navigation extremely dangerous for large vessels, even with good pilots, but cause violent currents, cross-currents, and cataracts, at every ebb and flow of the tide. The coast of Jersey, rocky, steep, and broken, nature seems to have fashioned as the ramparts of a vast and impregnable fortress. Skilful engineers had added Elizabeth Castle, Mount Orgueil, and Cornet Castle, to the national defences. Elizabeth Castle, built on a bold and isolated rock in St. Aubin's Bay, facing St. Hilier's, the chief town in Jersey, and about a mile from the mainland, was at that time considered one of the strongest military positions in the world. This fortress, the key of his defensive positions, Sir George Carteret commanded in person; Mount Orgueil he entrusted to Sir Philip Carteret; and Cornet Castle, in Guernsey, to Colonel Burgess.—p. 171.

Blake, however, fearing nothing, found a landing in Jersey for his troops, attacked successively Elizabeth Castle and Mount Orgueil, and so damaged them that they were compelled to surrender; and Cornet Castle, in Guernsey, followed their example without art or blow.

Having thus utterly swept the cavalier forces from the ocean, he set himself to achieve a much more stupendous conquest—that of the Dutch navy. The details of this gigantic struggle furnish one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of British maritime victory. The battle of the Downs, in which Blake, with fifteen ships, defeated Tromp with a fleet of forty-two; the seizure of the French fleet under Admiral Vendôme; the brilliant victory over the Dutch, at the North Foreland, under Tromp, Evertz, and De Ruiter; the still more scientific fight in the Portland Straits, where he appeared at the head of sixty men-of-war, supplied by Admirals Penn, Dean, and Lawson, and opposed by all the most celebrated admirals of Holland, Tromp, Evertz, De Ruiter, Swers, Floritz, and De Wilde, and in a desperate three days' fight completely defeated the enemy, took eighteen men-of-war, a large fleet of merchant-men, and vast wealth; the battle of the Gable, and the final battle, in which Tromp was killed, these completely annihilated the Dutch maritime forces for the time, and placed England at the head of all nations on the ocean.

Those, however, were but a small part of the services of Blake. He next proceeded to carry the terror of the English name into the Mediterranean. He attacked and severely chastised the pirates of Tunis, shattering their fancied unassailable forts of Goletta and Porto Ferino; receiving the submission of the Deys of Tripoli and of Algiers, and procured the liberation

of all the English prisoners. He then proceeded to levy £60,000 on the Grand Duke of Tuscany for English merchant vessels which had been sold by Prince Rupert in the port of Leghorn, and twenty thousand pistoles from the Pope for similar sales in the Roman ports, the Puritan sailors wonderfully enjoying the terror which they carried amongst the monks and priests of the Holy City.

‘Before the end of April, 1655, Blake had brought this extraordinary cruise to a triumphant issue. In six months he had established himself as a power in that great midland sea from which his countrymen had been politically excluded since the age of the crusades. He had redressed with a high hand the grievances of many years, and had taught nations, to which the very name of Englishmen was a strange sound, to respect its honour and its rights. The pirates of Barbary had been chastised as they had never yet been in history. The petty princes of Italy had been made to feel the power of the northern Protestants. The Pope himself had learned to tremble on his seven hills, and the distant echoes of our guns had startled the council chambers of Venice and Constantinople. Blake sent home not less than sixteen ships laden with treasure, received in satisfaction of former injuries, or taken by force from hostile states. Some of the Italian princes sent embassies to London to cultivate the friendship of Cromwell. The representatives of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Doge of Venice distinguished themselves in these missions by the splendour of their appointments. The former had orders to solicit the honour of a present of the Protector’s portrait, which was painted for his master by Cooper, and hung in the ducal palace among the choicest specimens of Italian art.’—p. 293.

There remained one more work for the Puritan admiral to do, and that was to humble the power of Spain. Spain, the most bigoted of Catholic countries, regarded the religious change in England with the most hostile feelings. The Puritans, advocates of religious liberty, as Spain was the uncompromising champion of the most complete despotism over mind and conscience, were the abhorrence of that country, as the Spanish fanaticism of popery was the abhorrence of the English republicans. ‘The reformed faith, tolerated in the Holy Roman Empire, in France, still more recently in Portugal, had never found mercy at Madrid. Racks, wheels, boiling oil, and other yet more delicate means of torture, opposed the spread of new doctrines throughout Spain and the Indies, while frequent burnings and gibbetings were employed to keep the masses true to the creed of their fathers. The horror excited in Puritan England by the report of such atrocities was naturally heightened by the fact that now and then a foreign resident—now an Englishman—fell under the frowns of the Holy Office, and whatever his country or his creed, suffered without appeal the sort of judgment bestowed by that terrible tribunal.’ The Eng-

lish residing in Spain were not allowed the possession of their Bibles, much less the exercise of their religion. The court refused the express demand of the Protector on this head, and to this was added the murder of Ascham, the British ambassador, and the refusal to admit any foreign traders to any of their ports in America and the West Indies.

Blake, who was not only a free trader, but a man of deep and sincere piety, longed to chastise this superstitious and impracticable power, and he did this in a manner which has scarcely any parallel in history. He first exacted 80,000*l.* from Portugal in expiation of a murderous attack on our ambassador, Mr. Meadows, in the streets of Lisbon, and for other injuries; and then blockading the harbour of Cadiz, he waylaid the silver fleet from Spanish America, and out of eight vessels full of riches, allowed only two to escape capture or destruction. Eight-and-thirty wagons carried the bullion, which was taken from Portsmouth to London in triumphant procession, guarded by soldiers.

The last great action of his life put the crown on all the rest. The second silver fleet, alarmed by the news of the fall of the first, put into Santa Cruz, in the Canary Islands. Hither Blake pursued them, and the account of his destruction of this fleet, considered one of the most daring and extraordinary achievements in all naval history, deserves quotation.

‘The fort of Santa Cruz was then one of the strongest naval positions in the world. The harbour, shaped like a horse-shoe, was defended at the north side of the entrance by a regular castle, mounted with the heaviest ordnance, and well garrisoned. Along the inner line of the bay seven powerful forts were disposed, and connecting these forts with each other and with the castle was a line of earthworks, which served to cover the gunners and musketeers from the fire of the enemy. Sufficiently formidable of themselves to appal the stoutest heart, these works were now strengthened by the whole force of the silver fleet. The precious metals, pearls, and jewels, were carried on shore into the town, but the usual freightage, hides, sugar, spices, cochineal, and other valuable commodities, remained on board, Don Diego having no fears for their safety. The royal galleons were then stationed on each side the narrow entrance of the bay, their anchors dropped out, and their broadsides turned towards the sea. The other armed vessels were moored in a semi-circle round the main line, with openings between them, so as to allow full play to the batteries on shore in case of necessity. Large bodies of musketeers were placed on the earthworks, uniting the more solid fortifications, and in this admirable arrangement of his means of resistance, Diagues waited with confidence the appearance of his enemy.’—p. 346.

It would have seemed impossible for any earthly power to make an impression on such a spot so terribly defended. There appeared force enough, arranged in the most consummate

manner, to blow any assailing fleet out of the water. Not so, however, thought a Dutchman, who happened to be lying in the roadstead with his vessel. His nation had had a terrific taste of Blake's invincible daring. He begged leave to quit the harbour, and the governor endeavoured to appease his fears by showing him that it was impossible for Blake to contend for a moment against a force equal to his own, and posted in such destructive order. 'For all that,' replied the experienced Dutchman, 'I am sure Blake will soon be in among you.' And so it was.

'As soon as day dawned on the English fleet, a frigate, which had been sent forward, signalled the welcome intelligence that the whole body of the silver fleet lay at anchor within the harbour. Thereupon Blake, roused from his sick-bed by the prospect of immediate action (he was then sinking in his last illness), called a council of war, stated the case in a few brief and pregnant words, and ended with the proposal to ride into the port and attack the enemy in his formidable position. The shape of the harbour, the situation of the great castle, and the direction of the wind—then blowing steadily landwards—made it useless to think of bringing off the royal galleons. It only remained, therefore, to destroy them where they stood, with their threatening broadsides pointing towards the English ships. Many thought this scheme would be equally impossible to carry out; but the captains who had served in the attempt on Porto Ferino, had no doubt but the bold conception of their general might be as brilliantly executed. At least, it was resolved to make the attempt. Between six and seven o'clock, a solemn prayer was offered to the Disposer of events: no oath, no irreverent ribaldry was ever heard on board that fleet; no rum or brandy was given out on the eve of battle; but every man on those gallant ships knelt down humbly, and in that fervent spirit which was in all trials and temptations the Roundhead's sustaining fire asked the God of battles to bless his people, and put forth his right arm in support of the good cause. At seven all was ready—the sailors had breakfasted and prayed. A division of the best equipped and most powerful ships was then drawn off and sent forward, under the gallant Captain Stayner, to attack the royal galleons, and force an entrance into the harbour; Blake reserving to himself the task of silencing the castles and batteries on land. Stayner's old frigate, the 'Speaker,' now bearing his pennon as Vice-Admiral, rode in the van of this attacking squadron right at the entrance, unchecked by the tremendous broadsides of the galleons, and regardless of the terrific fire from the castle and batteries. In a short space of time, almost incredibly short, he had passed the outer defences, and established himself near the royal galleons, in the centre of a huge semi-circle of shot. Blake instantly followed with the remainder of his fleet, and covering Stayner's flank with his frigates, so as to leave him free to fight the great ships without interruption from the batteries on shore, he commenced a furious cannonade on the whole line of defences, and especially against the castle. The Spaniards fought throughout with desperate valour; and for some time the old Peak of Teneriffe witnessed a scene which almost might be compared with one of its own stupendous outbursts. The Spanish mus-

keteers kept up a most destructive fire from behind the covered way. Yet, in spite of the highest courage, unanimity, and conduct on the side of the defence, the cannonade along the earthworks gradually slackened. One by one, the batteries ceased to answer. Before twelve o'clock Blake was able to leave the completion of this task to a few well-stationed frigates, while he turned with the main body to the assistance of Stayner, engaged for four hours in an unequal contest with galleons of greatly superior force in men and guns. Diagues made heroic efforts to recover his failing ground; but it was now too late to turn the tide of victory. By two o'clock the battle was clearly won. Two of the Spanish ships had gone down, and every other vessel in the harbour, whether royal galleon, ship-of-war, or trader, was in flames. Miles and miles round the scene of action, the lurid and fatal lights could be seen throbbing and burning against the dull sky. The fire had done its work swiftly and awfully. Not a sail, not a single spar was left above water. The charred keels floated hither and thither; some of them filled and sank. Others were thrown upon the strand. Here and there the stump of a burnt mast projected from the surface; but not a single ship, not a single cargo—escaped destruction. All went down together in this terrible calamity.'—pp. 345—350.

Such was the brief naval career of Robert Blake. In less than eight years, he had crippled, and in many cases, for the time, annihilated the maritime power of the European nations, and placed his own country on the pinnacle of power and fame. He had done this, not as a man regularly brought up to the sea, but as a landsman stepping at once, at the age of fifty, into naval command and simultaneous victory. His last and greatest achievement—one of the most surprising deeds in history—was accomplished when he was actually a dying man. He planned the attack on Santa Cruz on his sick-bed, and in less than five months, and before he could reach home, he was a corpse on board his victorious ship. If Blake could thus, without previous experience at sea, paralyze and confound all Europe at the head of the English fleet, it surely is a shameful libel on our present fleet and commanders to suppose that they are not equal merely to the protection of our own shores. It will not serve the purpose to talk of the odds of steam, while those odds are, or should be, in our own favour, for the whole career of Blake, and especially the last grand action, proves that there are no odds, however appalling to other nations, that can daunt or defeat the British seamen, when the honour and safety of their country is concerned. The whole of our naval history indignantly flings back any other conviction.

But there are other causes for which we are indebted to Mr. Dixon for reviving at the present day the memory and the portraiture of Blake. The great admiral was one of the noblest patterns of sincere piety, modesty, patriotism, and unselfish-

ness, which our history or any other has to show. He served his country through all circumstances with an unerring sagacity, and a mind elevated above all party or petty interests. He was one of the few, who, like Colonel Hutchinson, disapproved of the personal ambition of Cromwell, but who did not, like the colonel, cease to act with him so far as he could do it for the advantage of the commonwealth. As he could not approve the Protector's political schemes, he abandoned politics, but retained his allegiance to the republic, and spent his unceasing energies to maintain and advance the power and glory of the nation. No single man did so much for that power and glory as he did, for before his naval career his military one had been as splendid—the defence of Lyme and Taunton being his eternal witnesses. But for all that he did, he never solicited a single reward from his country, while those who fought under him were clamorous for distinctions and wealth. The great admiral went on his way in dignified and unbending contentment. No titles, no rich estates were sought for or conferred on him, as they have been on the Marlboroughs, the Nelsons, the Wellingtons, the Goughs, and scores of others. He remained to the last plain Robert Blake, the possessor of a modest estate in his native neighbourhood, to which he retired whenever his arduous duties permitted, and, in the company of his brothers, passed his time in long silent walks, and in the enjoyments of the simple and heart-felt religious faith and sentiment which so universally distinguished him at all periods. The chief mark of the recognition of his splendid services by the government consisted in a diamond ring, which he wore the last few weeks of his life; but the greatness of his honour and his estate consisted in that proud fame which pervaded the whole civilized world, and surrounded his country like a wall of terrible defence.

As if Robert Blake was to receive no permanent honours but such as emanated from his own actions, the chief distinction, except his command itself, which the commonwealth conferred on him, that of being buried in Westminster Abbey, was speedily reversed by the *roué* monarch, Charles II., who had this renowned captain—with Oliver Cromwell's excellent mother, and amiable daughter, Lady Claypole; Dorislaus, one of the lawyers employed on the trial of Charles I., and afterwards murdered, while ambassador in Holland, by the cavaliers; May, the accomplished historian of the Long Parliament, whom Mr. Dixon has singularly overlooked; and the brave-hearted patriot John Pym;—dragged from their graves in the Abbey, and flung into a pit in St. Margaret's church-yard.

Mr. Dixon has executed his task with the tact and ability

worthy of the biographer of Penn and Howard. His work is written with great vigour, life, and perspicuity. The interest of the narrative never flags, and without having any portion of it overloaded by disproportioned detail, there is no condensation at the expense of the free life of the biography. This life of Robert Blake is undoubtedly not only excellently timed, but is a really standard addition to the memoirs of our great men.

ART. III.—*Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies.* By John F. South, one of the Surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital. London: Cox.

2. *Plain Rules for Cottage Walls, to be observed in Cases of Illness or Accident.* Compiled by Robert Druitt, F.R.C.S. Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge.

3. *Good Health: the Possibility, Duty, and Means of Obtaining and Keeping it.* Monthly Series of the Religious Tract Society.

A FEW years ago a notice in a literary periodical of a surgical work would have been thought as unsuitable as a 'Popular Surgery' would have been unsaleable. When books of this kind, however, are bought and read by the 'general reader,' there need be no apology for reviewing them. The great sanitary movement, which has been for some years struggling actively onward in reference to communities, is finding its way to individuals, and is diffusing itself, in the form of such publications as are placed at the head of this article. The arguments, which are found to be unanswerable on the national scale, and in reference to the health of towns, are seen, even by those little accustomed to such topics, to suggest and apply themselves to the health of individuals. If the access of light and the circulation of pure air are so necessary for the thoroughfare or the alley, the inhabitant of it begins to think it is also necessary for his own attic or cellar, and personal 'flushing' with fresh water is already thought by some to be as useful for the pores of the skin as the drains of the city. The two questions of personal and national health go hand-in-hand, or rather they ought to do so, and would, but that the personal is so much more difficult to move than the national question. They are, nevertheless, inseparably connected, and though reluctantly and slowly, the cause of individual health must advance with that of the public. The advantages which flow to every class from well-constructed dwellings, cheap food, and abundance of

light, pure air, and water out of doors, will be accompanied by the advantages resulting from the habits of personal cleanliness and sobriety, well-constructed fire-places, and windows to let down from the top, in each dwelling; and as it is discovered, that by these simple and rational means the public, as well as individual health is greatly improved, it may be expected that more rational notions on the subject of health and disease will become generally diffused; that many hundreds of tons of drugs at present consumed will cease to be swallowed; that the race of uneducated quacks (with and without diplomas) will gradually die out; that the standard of the medical profession will be elevated; and that the prevention, as much as the cure of maladies, will become the function of the physician. These are no Utopian dreams, but convictions which the best informed medical men and others who have devoted their attention to the subject of national health have held for a long time; and among educated persons, these opinions, during the last two or three years, have become widely extended.

The public question may be said to be solved,—light, air, water, public cleanliness, cheap food and clothing, so far as these are capable of being influenced by the legislature, have been demanded in a voice irresistible by any government, and have therefore been obtained; the application of the principle established for the towns and villages of this nation—the corollaries of the problem—are only a work of detail and patience. But the question of individual health contains some knotty points scarcely yet solved; or, if clear to the few, requiring much popular illustration to make them evident to the many.

The questions of national and individual health go, we have said, hand in hand; but it must be recollected, that it is only a certain way they advance in this 'loving company.' Only while *externals* are dealt in is this the case. The drainage of the streets may be made to extend to underground apartments; the water of the public fountains may be made to circulate through every house; the air caused by opening out courts and alleys, and placing open squares at appropriate distances, to penetrate every thoroughfare, may be made by open sashes to enter every apartment—perhaps even, by Arnott's ventilating valve, or other apparatus, be made to pass through every bed-room—but who is to enter the Englishman's castle, and strip away from his bed the heavy curtains by which he seals himself up, as if desirous of having his own private hole of Calcutta to himself? who is to open the ventilating valve, or let down the sash? Here we enter on the debateable land between the public and personal health—that of towns and the individual. It was proposed during the time of the cholera—very judiciously—that

every householder in London should simultaneously flush out his drain at ten o'clock in the morning ; and it was very fairly estimated that the aggregate volume of water would effectually cleanse the city sewers.

The idea was abandoned, or only adopted by isolated enthusiasts in separate streets—the opposition of the water companies and the indolence of human nature alike being adverse to its execution. But if no one ever thought of enforcing, by act of parliament, this simultaneous lifting of traps and universal scouring of the London sewers at ten o'clock in the morning, how impracticable would it be, by any public authority, to compel all persons to circulate fresh air in all their apartments !

It is just the difference between passing an act of parliament and forming a rule of life ; between preaching and practising virtue. You may compel the rate-payer, by such a clause of such an act, to make his drains of a given width ; but before you can induce him to ventilate his room you must convince his reason. Then, if we advance a step further, we find the difficulties increased a thousand-fold. If you cannot, by public act, compel him to flush his drains, how to flush his person ? How, if you cannot prevent his swallowing, by preference, foul air, are you to arrest his consumption of narcotized brandy, wine, and beer, instead of pure water ? How are you to induce him, rather to support a bathing establishment than a brewer's druggist—to know cow's milk from calf-brains, chalk, and water ; to prefer plain light wheaten bread to alum dough, or wholesome rice-pudding to rancid pastry and barytic confectionary for his children ? No act of parliament nor any police regulations whatever can effect this ; the man must be educated to do it for himself.

For the purpose in question, many excellent books suitable for unprofessional readers, and well worthy of the careful perusal by medical men which they have obtained, have been published of late years, chief among which are Dr. Andrew Combe's and Dr. Southwood Smith's works, Dr. Bull's 'Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease,' Dr. A. T. Thomson's 'Diet, &c., for the Sick Room,' Erasmus Wilson on 'Healthy Skin,' the little publications we are now about to notice, and some others. We shall commence with the briefest and, for immediate general practical use, the best of the three, the 'Plain Rules for Cottage Walls.' They are published in a broad sheet, about twenty inches square, at the price of fifteen pence a dozen, and, pasted on a piece of paper, may be hung up on cottage walls, as we have, though far too seldom, seen them. If one or two of the more intelligent of the peasantry, the clerk, or perhaps the doctor or clergyman, would be at the trouble to

draw attention to these plain rules at suitable opportunities, as, for example, at funerals, christenings, or other suitable social gatherings, a very great amount of good would soon be done; for by such means alone, persevered in for some time, will the peasantry—who suffer the most from the loss of health, from not being able to discern between a serious and a trifling malady, and from the expensive roguery of irregular practitioners in medicine—be enabled to escape from any portion of these evils. We say the peasantry in especial, for although the ‘Rules’ would be useful in every working man’s cottage, whether in the town or country, yet they will be found especially valuable in the latter. The mechanic in a town is near abundance of medical advice, and if fairly reduced, he has the dispensary or the hospital at hand; in the country, medical aid is often distant, and a single visit will absorb the earnings of a week, there is no dispensary, and the infirmary may be distant twenty or thirty miles. In thinly populated districts, few well-educated or experienced medical men care to settle, for a life of severe labour and exposure is rewarded with but a scanty income; and though no class of men in the kingdom make greater personal sacrifices than the country medical practitioners for the poor (who belong quite as much to each individual member of the community as to the surgeon), yet he is seldom treated as an equal by the gentry among whom he labours. For these reasons, men of education and experience are not always to be had by the sick peasantry; and he is very often obliged to be content with the help of some quack, who, to the disgrace of the clergy and educated persons in the neighbourhood, who refrain from denouncing such impostors, is permitted to wring a dishonest livelihood from the hard hands of the unhappy rustics.

In such circumstances—and they may be found in many districts—these ‘Plain Rules’ would be of great use; and by their aid, the country curate, or wise woman of the village or dale, might very well treat many common maladies at present neglected altogether.

We are far from advocating the idea of every man being his own doctor, fully believing the truth of the adage, that ‘he who, in any serious case, is his own physician, has a fool for his patient;’ but there certainly does exist among all classes—and, perhaps, as much among the rich as the poor—a great amount of ignorance on the subject of health, which might very easily be removed; and there are certain principles and rules of practice which might very easily be acquired by every one, the knowledge of which would prevent, in innumerable instances, simple injuries and diseases from resulting in serious or mortal maladies. We do not, indeed, think that much useful medical

knowledge of organic disease can be acquired by any one who will not submit to the preliminary training in anatomy, physiology, and the *materia medica* which is found to be necessary for medical students. To the Lady Bountiful or the country squire, who, armed with Buchan or Graham's 'Domestic Medicine,' attacks a dropsy or an inflammation, we can only apply the words of Dr. Southwood Smith in the Preface to his 'Philosophy of Health :—' Knowledge which men acquire only after years of study, habits which are generated in men only as the result of long-continued discipline, are expected to come to you spontaneously, to be born with you, to require on your part no culture, and to need no sustaining influence.' We would have it made a part of the clergyman's education that he should have some rational and correct notions on the structure and functions of the bodies of his parishioners, without which, in very many instances, he will make sad mistakes in dealing with their souls.

But, taking matters as they are at present, we repeat that a great amount of suffering and mortality might be prevented by the general diffusion of a few easily-acquired hygienic principles and curative methods; and we believe the whole of these, likely to be apprehended or applied by a non-medical person, are contained in the 'Plain Rules for Cottage Walls.' Let us, therefore, recommend every one interested in the health of his poorer neighbours to present them with a copy of these 'Rules.' They may be had from the agents of the Society for diffusing Christian Knowledge.

There are, however, one or two suggestions contained in these 'Plain Rules' which might, perhaps, with advantage, be re-considered. For example, the recommendation of a 'hot poultice to the throat' in croup is not, perhaps, a very good practice; and poor parents, content with this questionable application, may easily lose the few hours in which it is possible to save the little patient's life.

The recommendation to use certain washes for 'weak eyes,' may also frequently lead to the neglect of active measures when those alone can save the eye-sight. It is deplorable to think how many thousands of persons are going about blind in this country whose sight might have been preserved by timely application to any surgeon who has made the diseases of the eye his study; and there are tens of thousands who suffer from defective vision from the same cause. In no class of diseases is timely application to a good surgeon more necessary than in those of the eye; and among the poorer orders few are more commonly neglected until permanent injury is established. Any directions, therefore, given for treatment of complaints in the eyes to uneducated persons, ought to be carefully guarded by the necessary warnings.

In the paragraph on 'bad legs in old people,' poultices and ointments of various kinds are recommended, while the much more cleanly and comfortable 'water-dressing,' including therein the usual solutions applied in such cases, is not mentioned. The amount of misery suffered among poor old people from 'bad legs,' which are capable of being cured or relieved, is very great; and the chief cause of it is, that the cases are troublesome to treat, requiring the careful application of bandages, an art in which few patients, and not a very great number of surgeons, are skilled. The reason that there are so many 'shocking bad legs' cured by advertisement, or said to be cured, is that they are neglected by surgeons who, indeed, cannot be expected to spend the time required in the drudgery of rolling up and applying bandages daily for weeks in succession; yet without 'position,' bandaging, and care of the food, these 'shocking bad legs' cannot, while by such means almost the whole of them may, be cured. A neat-handed woman can be taught, in a few lessons, the skilful management of bandages; and it would be well worth the while of any good-natured surgeon to teach one or two such persons, so that their services might be secured at little cost, by every one requiring them in the district.

Very many poor old people, and not a few of all ages, suffer during their lives from bad legs, which might, by the plan mentioned, be cured, and families are thrown destitute, and infirmity funds are burdened by cases of this kind, curable by any neat-handed persevering peasant or artizan's wife, with an occasional glance from the surgeon.

The 'Rules for a Sick Room,' in eight brief paragraphs, contain all that is necessary to be known on this most important and very generally neglected subject. They should be written as writing exercises by boys and girls at every school, and so committed to memory. Were that the case, the next generation would escape the fate of many of the present, and not, as now, be slowly stifled in their beds.

The 'Household Surgery' by Mr. South, one of the surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital, is a very good book, containing, as was to be expected from the author, sound surgical advice in all cases of injury. Had it been half the size, it might have contained all the information capable of being applied by any non-professional person.

The Religious Tract Society, which, in the number of its 'Monthly Series,' intitled 'Good Health,' has given the public for sixpence the most admirable essay on the subject we have ever seen, would do well to present its readers with a sixpenny volume on surgery, if possible, with a few simple outline engravings.

Popular works on surgery are not liable to the same abuses as popular works on, or rather systems of, physic. To see an old lady, whose previous knowledge was pretty much confined to the 'Cookery Book,' poring over a vast volume on 'Domestic Medicine,' and on the strength of being thus, like Dr. Hornbook,—

'—weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
And other chaps,'

compounding a potion of powerful drugs for a disease of the heart, or inflammations of the bowels, as smartly as she would cook up a *paté*, or a panada, and dealing out hemlock and 'murphy' (morphia), as we have known done with the same facility as mace and 'almond flavour,' this is a spectacle which would be ludicrous if it were not sad, and of every day occurrence.

It may be asked what remedy we have for this state of things, and how, since medical men cannot give more of their time and skill to the poor than they do, we will provide a better set of practitioners than Ladies Bountiful only learned in the 'Cookery Book ;'—homœopathic, dyspeptic, retired tradesmen, or good-natured puseyite clergymen? A better order of things is very easily devised, but would require sacrifices which the public will be slow to make. Until we are willing to make these sacrifices, however, let us not talk of benevolence or Christian charity as names properly applicable to the irregular practitioners of the poor. The remedy is, more knowledge on the part of the present irregular physicians of the poor, and until that knowledge is obtained a more liberally organized system of remuneration by the benevolent, or society at large, to well-informed medical men for their attendance on the poor. Until the present mediciners are willing to acquire some real knowledge of the diseases they treat, their goodness must continue of a very questionable nature, and grim Death might speak of them in the words he applied to Dr. Hornbook :—

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith
By drap an' pill.'

And until society is willing to organize some more efficient system of medical aid to the poor than at present exists (much as that has been improved during the last half century), an amount of preventible suffering and mortality, frightful to contemplate, must continue to ravage the poorer classes. More knowledge is the chief remedy ; more knowledge among the

poorer classes themselves of the cheap preventives of disease, —cleanliness, ventilation, well-cooked and wholesome food; more knowledge among the 'comfortable' selfish classes to induce them to protect themselves from disease and heavy rates by lessening as much as possible the disease and mortality of their poorer brethren; much more knowledge among the kind-hearted or officious who undertake to treat diseases; more knowledge among the clergy of the structure and functions of the body, and the early symptoms of serious maladies, and more and higher knowledge among medical men throughout the country to lead the way to the good time when the simple rules which they now spend half their time in enforcing will become universally known and acted on, and when the physician, conversant with the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the mind as well as that of the body, will take wide and philosophic views of health and disease, and will consider it a far nobler and higher function of his science to remove the removeable *causes* than to cure individual *cases* of disease. Besides all this knowledge, increased power should be given to our hospitals, dispensaries, and other institutions for the indigent sick; and in all districts, but especially those distant from infirmaries, health-houses for the working classes should be established, wherein all cases requiring the watchful care of the surgeon or physician may be placed, and to which the first cases of contagious or infectious maladies may be at once removed. These health-houses should be chiefly supported by the working classes themselves, and no institutions would be more worthy of, or would be more likely to receive any aid they might need from the benevolent. We can have no doubt whatever that such institutions will at no distant day be common throughout this country, perhaps will be made compulsory by act of parliament. We are aware there are many difficulties to be overcome before such institutions will become popular with the working classes, or their establishment be insisted on by the legislature. Personal liberty, family affection, independence of mind, love of home, many of the best feelings, and the strongest prejudices of Englishmen will be arrayed against them at first, but with the general diffusion of common sense on the subject of health, and great care in the regulation of the health-houses themselves, all objections will probably disappear. Until the prejudices of the poorer classes melt away under the experience of the value of such 'Sanatories' and the knowledge of the kindness and *home feeling* which should pervade them, a large class of maladies which would be much better, more quickly, and more economically treated in these houses must remain to be managed or neglected, as at present, in the working man's home;

but with regard to virulently infectious diseases, we think some speedy legislative interference would, by a little discussion, become as popular as it would be salutary. Or if it cannot be made evident to the peasant or artizan that it is better for his own family that a case of small-pox or malignant fever occurring in his house should be removed at once to the public sick ward, while his apartment should be well whitewashed and ventilated, at any rate there is no reason why his next door neighbours should submit to the danger thus incurred. Let the nature and amount of that danger be made quite evident to these neighbours, let the statistics of infectious diseases be brought well home to their minds, and they will certainly demand the removal of the nuisance. If I may bring an action against my neighbour for pouring foul water into my apartment, why not for pouring foul air? If he rolls a cannon-ball above my tenement, or plays the violincello or bagpipes so as to interfere with my night's rest, I can take the law of him; why not if he perseveres in diffusing the deadly exhalations of typhus or malignant cholera? And if he is punishable for harbouring improper characters, or keeping pigs in his garret, why not for resetting small pox? These are questions which are approaching the legislature for solution, and sooner or later they can only receive one reply.

To return, however, from this digression to Mr. South's 'Popular Surgery.' The author thinks it necessary to apologize for, or rather to explain how it is that an infirmary surgeon is found writing a book on popular surgery. We agree with him that no apology is needed for such a deed; and we believe that every well-informed physician and surgeon would be very glad if all their patients were very much better acquainted with their sciences than is the case at present. Generally speaking, it is the ignorant of all classes who apply to quacks, or who under-estimate the value of skill and experience in the healing art;—it is the ignorant patients who foster the ignorant practitioners; and the more sound knowledge is diffused among patients, the higher will become the standing, for the greater will be the skill required of the medical profession.

We question very much, however, whether very enlightened views on *medicine* will ever be attained by the public in general; but surgery is more circumscribed in its range, and more patent to common observation; perhaps popular information in it may be soon diffused with success. When people are suffering acutely, they are willing to believe in the doctor; when they see an operation neatly and quickly performed, and ease obtained, they are apt (for the time at least) to estimate the aid at its full value; but in obscure lingering disease—of which they

understand nothing, they are disposed to believe in any medical superstition that is nearest, or most vociferous.

Without understanding the function of respiration, for example, it is quite impossible to have any knowledge of the common diseases of the chest which every one treats for himself; and as here the old well-known remedies are applied successfully in ignorance, any knowledge of the lungs or of respiration comes to be considered as unnecessary by the majority of persons.

The *modus operandi* of breathing cannot be comprehended without diagrams, and in a very confused manner then; but where these things have been taught by familiar lectures on the lungs, heart, &c., of the lower animals, sounder and better notions have been found to prevail. More sensible domestic methods of managing complaints of the chest have been adopted, and a more intelligent judgment of the skill and ignorance of the medical adviser has been formed. What the few, so instructed, are to their medical attendants in the treatment of complaints in the chest, almost every sensible and observant person is to the surgeon dealing with an accident or outward disease. The skill of the surgeon is real, practical, comprehensible in most cases, by moderate attention—and a very competent judgment of many branches of surgery, at present not understood by the public, may be gained by such a book as this of Mr. South's. Not that the public will be taught ever to bleed itself, or put on its own bandage by this or any other book: these are arts which will be learnt better by once seeing them well done than by all the reading in the world; but they may know when their surgeon does these and other operations well; and they will be able to detect and dismiss those who have not taken the trouble to acquire the necessary skill. But the treatment of diseases, such as come under the management of the physician, requires much preliminary knowledge that can never be taught by popular medical books. It may be truly said that the elaborate, popular 'domestic medicines' of the day, do not convey a single intelligible idea to the majority of their readers on any but the simplest complaints, and that the vast volumes so largely circulated are the most signal proof of the love of quackery, and of the desire of ignorance to believe itself knowledge, displayed at this time by the British public. Many of these books are well written, *containing a great deal of information*, but, from the previous ignorance of the readers, *conveying none whatever*.

However, as the compilers and publishers of these books well know, humility, in its estimate of its own capacity, is by no means the fault of the quacking portion of the public, and the

greater part of the works on popular medicine are sold to those who, from sheer incapacity and meddling folly, are the least capable of making any good use of them.

It is very extraordinary—while the ‘Plain Rules for Cottage Walls,’ which cost a fraction above a penny, and contain really all the information that can be usefully employed by the majority of persons, are neglected—large expensive ‘Domestic Medicines,’ totally incomprehensible by their purchasers, are sold in thousands! And, indeed, it is because the doctrine is incomprehensible that the numerous quacking public believe in it. The superstitious folly of medical devotees is as great now as any puseyite could desire in his own especial quackery.

Every weak or conceited person, all those who desire to deceive themselves or their friends with the idea of the possession of knowledge without being willing to undergo the labour of acquiring it, and who have a turn for drugging, purchase a domestic or homœopathic medicine, and are instantly endowed with the necessary experience.

It is from this class of persons that the patients of advertising quack doctors are drawn, and which furnishes some of the most profitable patients of unprincipled medical practitioners. For the mixture of conceit and ignorance which makes the quack, is easily changed into the hypochondriacal swallower of drugs. Quack and dupe, as Thomas Carlyle says of similar characters somewhere, are upper side and under of the selfsame thing—convertible substances; turn up your quack into the proper fostering element, and he becomes your dupe. In short, to the persons of whom we are speaking may be applied the mongrel saying of an old and successful physician whom we knew—‘*Homo vult humbuggi, et humbuggendum est.*’

But plain sensible books like that of this infirmary surgeon, by placing the real knowledge of practical men before sensible readers, will rather prove to them how much good sense and experience are necessary for the right management of even common injuries, and will form the best antidote to quackery and unskilfulness in surgical cases.

We will now notice a few of the topics treated of by Mr. South, keeping of course as much as possible to those which may be most likely to interest the ‘general reader,’ as the omnivorous book-devourer of the present day is pleasantly called.

Speaking of leeches, he remarks that there are few or none now in England, his experience thus coinciding with that of Wordsworth’s ‘Leechgatherer on the lonely moor,’ in his fine poem of ‘Resolution and Independence.’ ‘I once,’ said the

old man to the poet, 'could find them everywhere, but now they seem all gone'—or words to that effect.

There are still some tarns in Cumberland, however, and elsewhere, in which the medicinal leech is to be found; and a very short time ago we heard of them being taken between Penrith and Carlisle, and saw some of extraordinary strength and value, which had been procured from a small lake between Wastwater and the Irish Sea. One of these was quite as good as two or three of the common leeches brought from Hamburg and elsewhere. Since leeches are very expensive, and, as applications to children, especially, are very useful, it might be worth while to attempt to preserve and increase them in those waters wherein they formerly existed in such numbers; and as persons in this country have found it worth while to make ponds for the purpose, it would surely answer to look after them in waters which are suited to their habits. They have been destroyed out of those lakes and tarns of Cumberland, in which they formerly bred, just as the salmon and trout have been destroyed by wanton poaching at all times of the year; and there is no reason that we know of to prevent leeches, as well as salmon and trout, being once more occupants of these waters, provided a little foresight and common sense were applied to preserve them. Leeches have sometimes cost half-a-crown each, and have generally been from sixpence to a shilling a piece, during the last twenty years—so that a little care exercised in breeding them might, in the lonely and otherwise useless waters which they frequented, be well repaid. A year or two ago, a 'mechanical leech' was advertised, but seems to have failed in attracting attention. It is on the principle of the cupping glass, or exhausting syringe. Cupping itself, however, is very little practised now-a-days; partly from the severity of the method of drawing blood, and partly because few surgeons like the trouble of it, or, indeed, attain the art of doing it well.

We may remark, parenthetically, that, though sometimes very useful, cupping is often but a barbarous sort of surgery, and when employed, as it sometimes is, on the back of a young woman's or a young girl's neck, is a shameful practice. The same objections as to the trouble and want of skill, apply to the 'mechanical leech' and to the cupping apparatus; but for the sake of poor persons, whose children are often enough lost for want of a few leeches, as well as for many other kinds of cases among all classes of persons, it would be very desirable that the use of this mechanical apparatus could be taught—among other arts useful in the sick-room—to some neat-handed nurse in every village and district. There is another very effectual

way in which leeches might be rendered less scarce, and that is by physicians condescending to the indignity of bleeding their patients, or causing them to be bled in many cases in which they order great numbers of leeches, and by medical practitioners generally adopting 'local' bleeding. Numbers of surgeons never think of bleeding anywhere but in the bend of the arm; and many are the arms and lives which are lost from ignorant persons, or surgeons who have a bad *plunging* method of using the lancet, making choice of this vein for the purpose of abstracting blood. In many instances, veins in other parts of the body are preferable—and, indeed, it should be made a punishable offence for uninformed persons (blacksmiths, butchers, and the other Sangrados of the poor) to bleed at the bend of the arm. Blood can be taken away from very many parts of the body more rapidly, economically, and easily, by means of the lancet than by leeches; and it is quite surprising that the art of 'local' bleeding is not more generally diffused among medical practitioners. It ought to be more thoroughly taught to young men in the hospitals, and it would soon be universal. In the army, leeches are not allowed, and army surgeons as well as the civil medical attendants of the troops learn this useful art. In remote country districts, in colonies, aboard emigrant ships, and among the poorest classes of society, wherever leeches cannot be procured, there can be no doubt that this simple and easily applied art of opening veins in various parts of the body would often mitigate the severity of disease, and sometimes save lives which are now lost.

In treating of blisters (p. 60), he recommends only the old-fashioned filthy black blistering 'salve'—a disgusting application. There have been many vesicating preparations of a more cleanly nature made public, but most of them become adulterated, or are injured by the sale of imitations. There is nothing, however, to prevent the *cantharidine*, the blistering ingredient of the 'Spanish flies,' from being applied in the form of an adhesive paper, or a cleanly waxy tissue; and as the odour of the old black blister is most offensive to sick persons, it is worth some little attention on the part of the patient and the dispensing druggist, as well as of the medical practitioner, to secure the cleanly instead of the filthy method of inflicting the necessary pain.

The tooth-drawing directions are well given, garnished with stories of broken jaw-bones and grim engravings of gasping wretches under the hands of the executioner, which make one's very flesh creep. We wonder Mr. South did not rather, in a book of this kind, attempt to teach his readers how to ease the pain of, and to preserve their carious teeth by proper stuffing,

than essay to teach them by book-lesson how to extract them. Thirty or forty years ago—nay, ten years ago—far more teeth were pulled out than now. Tooth-drawing and trepanning the skull (which our unlearned readers must understand to be in many cases an operation in which a surgeon who has very few brains in his own head bores into his patient's skull in search of that which he seldom finds), these two almost equally barbarous operations have during the last quarter of a century gone out of fashion. Our museums of anatomy contain skulls all honeycombed over with the trepans of the old surgeons, and our toothless grandsires can tell many a grim story of grinders wrenched out by main strength amid agony unutterable. Fortunately these are getting to be things of the past, but there are still, especially in country districts, and among the poor, vast numbers of teeth recklessly and savagely tugged out of the head, which, by a very trifling amount of knowledge in the humblest branch of the dentist's art, might remain honoured and useful occupants of that head for many years. Still, in some cases, nothing will do but extraction; therefore 'be sure you grip the right tooth,' says Mr. South, addressing the tyro operator. We have known teeth extracted, by both dentists and surgeons, very dexterously in every respect except that this slight error was committed of taking a sound tooth, and leaving that whose—

—— 'venomed stang,
Shot the red tortur'd gums along.'

How much more likely the mistake is to occur in unaccustomed hands will be easily seen.

This little art of stuffing carious teeth is another which should be taught the *sage femme*, or sick nurse of the village, of whom we have so often spoken. A little gum mastic dissolved in alcohol, and applied to the carious tooth by means of a small piece of cotton wool, first dipped in *eau de Cologne*, and then saturated with the dissolved gum, will usually give ease, and afford time to see a dentist, or get some more permanent stuffing applied. The common amalgam, or more recently introduced amalgam powder, used by dentists, and which every country druggist ought to have, and to sell cheaply, and to learn to apply neatly, may be used for much decayed teeth, which should always be carefully cleansed out with cotton dipped in spirit or *eau de Cologne* before the amalgam is used. Other stuffings of tinfoil, silver-leaf, and gold-leaf, as well as the 'enamel cement,' which is kept such a secret, but might surely be easily made public, will probably be left for the dentist; but we cannot see why some of these might not be used for the poor far more generally than they are. All surgeons, nay, all

druggists, in country places where dentists are not to be had, ought to be able to apply a simple stuffing to a hollow tooth; and if the simple rule not to place any permanent stuffing in a tooth which is painful or tender to the touch be followed, no harm can result even from ill-informed persons undertaking this service. Certainly it would be better to permit any one to stuff a tooth than to pull it out altogether, and as innumerable teeth are pulled out unnecessarily by irregular practitioners on the jaws of the public, we cannot be considered reckless or 'unprofessional' in recommending to the same class the less dangerous and painful practice. From diseases of the teeth also, as from some other common maladies to which we have alluded, a very great amount of preventible suffering exists,—not the less to be deplored because it exists amongst those whose lot is already hard enough—and not the less real suffering, because arising from diseases too common or too 'trifling' to engage the serious attention of the medical man. It is our sincere belief that if from the sum total of human sorrow were abstracted all the pain, *ennui*, and weariness of the flesh, that well-known curative methods could easily remove, the remaining grief and suffering would bear a very small proportion to that which now exists, and philosophers, if as much in the dark as ever as to the *origin* of evil, would, at all events, find in the *extent* of it less to perplex them in their speculations respecting 'all this unintelligible world.' But while the removal of so much of this suffering seems so very practicable—the remedy being quite as visible as the disease—physical evil easily preventible remains widely spread over society, as if some occult necessity lay over it, like that which seems to attach to moral evils of a cognate nature. No popular surgery seems to abolish curable ulcers, any more that teetotal societies abolish habits of drunkenness, which seem equally curable; and teeth continue to be pulled out instead of stuffed, as men are hanged and transported instead of being put in the way of earning an honest livelihood.

There is some space in Mr. South's book devoted to teaching the application of bandages, an art which, as we have said before, cannot be taught by book. 'It is the little insignificant twist of the dibble in making the hole for planting a young cabbage which is the whole secret,' says Cobbett, 'and this must be *seen*.' So of the application of rollers; an art easily learnt by some people, very difficult to be acquired by many, and by books not to be communicated at all.

In treating of varicose veins, he omits the mention of the best bandage of all, namely, the elastic stocking. Great numbers of poor people, usually women, suffer from varicose veins,

get bad ulcers in consequence, and go about miserable, often, indeed, in great agony, for many years, for want of a cheap, good, elastic stocking. If any instrument maker or other ingenious person could devise a stocking to cost a few shillings as efficient as those which during the last few years have been produced for fifteen shillings, he would relieve a large amount of distress amongst the class of persons of whom we speak. Could such a stocking be produced for four or five shillings, hundreds of thousands of them would be bought up immediately; nor could benevolent persons spend a crown more economically than in procuring a bandage of the kind for one of their poor neighbours. Meantime, a little teaching from the neat-handed nurse, whom we hope by and by to find in every township, would enable the sufferer to apply a bandage *well*. Might not some rich person propose a premium for a cheap elastic stocking? And in this day of prize essays might not a reward be offered for the best suggestions for improving the bodily health of the poorer classes, and for the best plan of enabling them to provide for themselves good medical advice, and the appliances required for sustaining health, or relieving sickness? The subject would embrace baths, cookery, clothing, workshops, &c., for the healthy, and hospitals and health-houses, sick-clubs, diet for the sick, temporary use of comforts and conveniences during sickness, and many other matters required or desirable during a period of ill health. It would embrace the subject of drinks as well as of foods, and would, among other things, bring out the fact that the malt tax and the excise, under the pretence of taxing luxury and excess, were in reality decimating the working classes, and gorging the hospitals, by poisoning the liquors they consume. Were good malt and hop as free from taxation as corn is now, the working men of England would drink a beverage as much more wholesome than the poison they at present procure from many of the beer-shops as their bread, now that it is free, is more wholesome than it was ten years ago. Nay, if the distillation of spirits was as free here as it is in Norway, there is a possibility that our peasantry might be as temperate as those of that country. However that may be, it is certain that vast quantities of narcotic poisons are consumed in the porter, beer, and spirits sold under the present system; and to throw the still and mash-tub freely open to the public, on the one hand, or, on the other, to punish the consumption of intoxicating drinks by the gallows, would scarcely be more disastrous or more unjust a legislation than the present.

However desirable the abolition of the malt tax may be in an agricultural, it is infinitely more desirable in a sanitary point of

view. Englishmen *will* have beer. Since before the Conquest the decoction of John Barleycorn has been the favourite beverage of the working man of this country ; and if it could but be given him in the shape of pure malt and hops, and taken in moderation, we believe there is no form of refreshment better adapted to the toiling millions of these realms. But the horrible wholesale poisoning which is going on in the beer-shops of England at this moment is a disgrace to a humane people, and would be a stain upon the government of even a barbarous nation. The best way to ensure the people good beer would be to follow the method which has been found so effectual in the article of bread,—untax the raw material, and let every one be at liberty to brew as he pleases.

It is a greater or less amount of narcotism which the working man undergoes at present in frequenting the low public-house; a baleful process which produces a craving for its repetition, and disqualifies rather than fits him for healthy exertion. With all respect for the temperate apostles of teetotalism, we think the best cure for this state of things is, not to abolish refreshing and moderately stimulating beverages altogether, but to enable the working man to possess them in a pure and wholesome form. ‘Take a little wine for thine often infirmities’ may, in a country where barley takes the place of the grape, be fairly paraphrased—‘Take a little good ale for thy refreshment after toil.’

But we must hasten to make a few more remarks on certain passages of Mr. South’s book, and conclude.

‘How to stop sudden bleeding’ (p. 138), is an important chapter, and ought to be very carefully read by every one who thinks of taking up such a book at all. A good many lives are lost by sudden bleedings, even in the populous parts of this country, and in remote districts, in colonies, and on ship-board, many valuable lives must be sacrificed for want of the knowledge conveyed in the few pages under notice. The treatment of ‘scalds and burns,’ accidents for which much quackery and unnecessary injury are inflicted on poor people, is very clearly and well described. This chapter also, treating of emergencies which every one may some time or other witness, should be carefully perused.

How to carry a patient home who has suffered a broken limb or been otherwise disabled by accident, is another of the pieces of information which all heads of houses should know. A gate, a door, or hurdle, or two poles with a blanket fastened by the corners to them, and four men, *to keep step* as they travel with the patient ‘shoulder height,’—this is the way to carry a patient home. Bring the broken limb to the sound one, and bind them together with handkerchiefs; this will save the sufferer much

pain, and is all that is necessary to be done till the surgeon arrives.

We observe that Mr. South recommends that broken limbs should not be bound up for three or four days. The great surgeon, Liston, used emphatically to teach the contrary;—the doctrine is against all sorts of ‘immoveable apparatus’ for treating fractures; and as we believe that by far the best plan is, if the surgeon arrives in time, to have the limb adjusted and bandaged before what surgeon’s call ‘infiltration’ takes place—we take leave to disapprove of Mr. South’s surgery in this important particular. His plan of treating a broken thigh bone without splints is very good; the tendency of surgeons is towards doing without splints and treating fractures by ‘position.’ For broken collar bone, the boarding-school girl’s ‘figure of eight’ bandage for bracing back the shoulders is simple, easily applied, and quite as efficacious as the plan given in the book. In ‘broken knee-cap’ he recommends again, ‘no bandaging of the thigh for a week,’ and recommends the patient to be tied neck and heels. This deferring the application of the bandage is, in our opinion, a very erroneous practice. The sooner the contractility of the muscles of the thigh is kept down by judicious bandaging, the more nearly will the fractured pieces of the knee-cap be found to approximate, and the more serviceable will the limb be eventually. And with regard to the recommendation to bind the patient together neck and heels, all that is wanted will be quite as well effected by elevating the limb well on an inclined plane, and so relaxing all the muscles which require it. We have seen the rare accident of fracture of the ligament of the patella, as well as many cases of broken knee-cap, successfully treated by the plan of which we speak. Mr. South says truly that the vulgar reports of persons having had their neck put out are merely vulgar errors. One generally hears of such stories, accompanied with praises of some very clever Nimrod in the hunting field, or rustic, or bonesetter, who ‘put his knees upon the patient’s shoulder, pulled the head with all his might and gave it a twist, when it went in with a sudden snap,’ perhaps a report like a pistol, as indeed these bonesetting stories are very like an ‘Ancient Pistol’s’ reports. If a man’s neck is broken or dislocated, he either dies upon the spot or is palsied from the point of injury downwards, and dies in a few days or hours. We remember watching over a poor fellow, a robust young husband and father, who by a sudden fall on the steps of a ladder from a housetop, suffered this frightful dislocation. From the neck downwards, except for a short distance along the shoulders and upper part of the breast, he was totally insensible to pain, unconscious of the existence

of the lower part of his body altogether, except when he looked at it, yet retaining his intellect, good sense, and good nature, for many days. It was a very curious and a very touching spectacle to see this fine young man caressing with his eyes the wife and children whose embraces were no longer accompanied by any sensation, but which, through a process of thought, were evidently giving him delight. How entirely the head was the seat of intellect and the citadel of the soul appeared very strikingly in this interesting case ; the outworks of being, sensation and motion were nearly quite demolished, but the will, the memory and the imagination were for a time in full vigour, and to hear the words of firmness, hope, and consolation issuing from a head thus divided from a living body filled the mind with wonderment and awe. The fabulous head of Friar Bacon, and the prince of 'The Arabian Nights,' half marble, half man, were scarcely more miraculous than the thinking, loving, motionless object before us, and one could not but gather, from thus seeing all the aspirations and feelings of the soul still active in this shattered frame, an argument for its existence after the dissolution of the body, and, indeed, totally independent of all forms of physical being.

Mr. South's chapter on Ruptures is very intelligible, and ought to be familiar to all country clergymen and other persons who have a turn for looking after the health and well-being of their poor neighbours. Much suffering of a preventible nature exists, and many lives are sacrificed for want of a little knowledge on this subject. No benevolent person should allow a poor neighbour afflicted with rupture to be without a truss ; and all medical officers of unions, instead of being afraid, as they often are now, of being accused by guardians of incurring unnecessary expense in procuring such instruments, ought to be especially enjoined by the commissioners to seek out and provide with trusses every poor person of both sexes afflicted with hernia. It is certain that the mere expence of the operations required in consequence of neglect of this precaution (not to mention better motives) would provide all the instruments required. And there is something altogether unchristian and horrible in the idea of poor old men and women (and many of them there are) being permitted to go about in continual danger of a painful operation and death for want of having the simple and inexpensive instruments spoken of provided for them by their 'guardians.'

On the whole, we cordially recommend Mr. South's 'Surgery' (a new edition of which has appeared), to the serious consideration of our readers.

- ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.* By John Henry Newman. London: Torrey. 1845.
2. *Doctrinal Treatises of St. Athanasius.* Translated with Notes. Two vols. By the Same. London: Parker. 1842—1844.
 3. *An Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles.* By the Same. London: Rivingtons. 1843.
 4. *Dissertationum Quædam Critico-Theologicæ.* Romæ. 1847.
 5. *Parochial Sermons.* Vol. IV. London: Burns. 1849.
 6. *Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations.*
 7. *Lectures on the Difficulties Felt by Anglicans in Submitting to the Catholic Church.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Second Edition. London: Burns and Lambert. 1850.
 8. *On the Present Position of Catholics in England.* By the Same.
 9. *The Contest with Rome: a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes.* Delivered at the Ordinary Visitation in 1851. With Notes, especially in Answer to Dr. Newman's Recent Lectures. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. London: Parkers. Cambridge: MacMillan, 1852.

THE works which we have placed first at the head of this article are those which Dr. Newman *now* acknowledges. His earlier publications—on ‘The Prophetic Office,’ on ‘Justification,’ and in the ‘Tracts for the Times,’ ‘Lectures on Romanism’—were only preparations, unconscious perhaps, for the position which he now occupies as a priest of the oratory of St. Philip Neri. From the first, it was manifest to spectators, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, that the movement of 1833 was entirely in the direction of Rome, notwithstanding the declarations of Mr. Newman and his coadjutors that theirs was the only impregnable position *against* Romanism. Now that the ‘impregnable’ position is given up by its most redoubtable defender, he turns round on his former followers, and, in a course of arguments remarkable for their continuity and their force, calls on them to take the final step which he has himself taken, by ‘submitting to the Catholic Church’ with a seriousness and a naïveté which must be truly provoking to his ‘dear brethren.’ He proves that the best thing he can now do for them is to help them over the difficulty of taking this last step. With the wily and bland air of an accomplished and successful seducer, he says to his victims, smiling at their weakness and perplexity:—

‘Well, and I do not know what natural inducement there is to urge me to be harsh with her (the Establishment) in this her hour. I have only

pleasant associations of those many years when I was within her pale. I have no theory to put forward, nor position to maintain; and I am come to a time of life when men desire to be quiet and at peace. Moreover, I am in a communion which satisfies its members and draws them to itself; and, by the objects which it presents to faith, and the influences which it exerts over the heart, leads them to forget the external world, and look forward more steadily to the future. No, my dear brethren, there is but one thing forces me to speak, and it is my intimate sense that the Catholic Church is *the one ark of salvation*, and my love for your souls; it is my fear lest I may perchance be able to persuade you and not use my talent. It will be a miserable thing for you and for me *if I have been instrumental* in bringing but half way, if I have co-operated in removing your invincible (?) ignorance, but am able to do more. It is this keen feeling that my life is wearing away which overcomes the lassitude which possesses me, which scatters the excuses which I might plausibly urge to myself for not meddling with what I have left for ever, which subdues the recollections of past times, and which makes me do my best, with whatever success, to bring you to land from off your wreck, who have thrown yourselves from it upon the waves, or are clinging to its rigging, or are sitting in despair and heaviness on its side. For this is the truth: the Establishment, whatever it be in the eyes of men, whatever its temporal greatness and its secular prospects, in the eyes of faith is a mere wreck. We must not indulge our imagination; we must not dream; we must look at things as they are; we must not confound the past with the present, or what is substantive with what is the accident of a period. Ridding our minds of these illusions, we shall see that the Established Church has no claims whatever on us, whether in memory or in hope; that they only have claims upon our commiseration and our charity whom she holds in bondage, separated from that faith and that Church *in which alone is salvation*. If I can do aught towards breaking their chains and bringing them into the truth, it will be an act of love towards their souls and of piety towards God.—‘Anglican Difficulties,’ pp. 5, 6.

Has it never occurred to Dr. Newman that there was *another* outlet from the difficulties in which his ‘dear brethren’ have been entangled by what he now confesses to have been his own errors? There is such a thing as going back from a position which logically ensures the consequences so strongly urged by Dr. Newman, questioning, not whether the position can be consistently maintained, but whether it ought ever to have been taken. For what, after all, is this mysterious position? It is no more nor less than the ‘abnegation of private judgment.’ But why should any man who is responsible, as all men are, for the best use of his personal judgment, abnegate that judgment any more than his personal or private bodily senses? *We* make a use of Dr. Newman’s history, which is exactly the reverse of that which he makes, and which he recommends to others. Since this abandonment of private judgment fairly leads to the humiliation of ‘submitting’ to the monstrous and wicked system which calls

itself the Catholic Church, 'the only ark of salvation,' how earnestly should every man use his judgment and cling to the right of using it! This right, however, will not be used nor retained without a determined resistance of the plausibilities and impudent assumptions of such writers as Dr. Newman. *His* work lies not with the general public, and specially not with Protestant dissenters, but with those Oxford men who have been misled, by this same Dr. Newman and his former associates in that university, to the suicidal renunciation of the first and most sacred of human rights and duties. Their wise course is to resume their indefeasable right, to do their personal duty, and to refuse indignantly the degrading offer so insultingly held out by the man who has deceived them. They 'know the man and his communication.' As for others, they will pursue, each in his own way, the old controversy between the arrogance of usurpers and the independence of free men.

Now, this 'contest with Rome,' as Archdeacon Hare styles it, is no novelty. It is of old standing here in this England of ours. It has always—and increasingly of late—been far from a simple question either of truth, or of right, or of safety. On the contrary, each of these elements—separately of great moment, unitedly of overwhelming significance—has had its share of influence; so that 'the contest' was, and is, and will long continue to be, partly political, partly ecclesiastical, and partly theological or religious.

As a POLITICAL DISPUTE, there is, on one side, the aspirant after supreme dominion; on the other, there are the assertors of national independence and social freedom. The protestantism of England, in this view of it, is the determination of Englishmen to be ruled by their own governors in the spirit of their own constitution, defying any power, bearing any name, in any other country. We *will* not have the Italian potentate—yelept the Bishop of Rome—to meddle in our national affairs. We repudiate his claims to sovereignty over *us*; we are a free people, jealous of our freedom, guarding it by the sanctions of law, and enshrining it with ever-growing reverence and loyalty in the very heart of all our institutions. To this indomitable love of freedom, by God's blessing, we owe our position among the nations, and the living spirit of active energy which characterizes our commerce, our politics, and our whole social life. Our national attitude of self-defence towards Rome is not necessarily dependent on our religious creed. We might, in argument, concede all her dogmas and all her institutions; and, in fact, the teachers of such doctrines, and promoters of such institutions, enjoy the same kind and the same amount of freedom in England as any other class of religionists; yet we must not

hide from ourselves the truth which history has taught, and which daily experience confirms, that our *only* security for our liberties as a nation is the manly exercise of our reason and the unswerving maintenance of our rights on behalf of our religion. While, in religion, we submit to no authority but that of Jesus Christ, acknowledge no teaching as stamped with his authority but that which we find in the holy Scriptures, and admit no doctrine or usage in our churches which we believe to be unscriptural, we can afford to leave others to deal with these matters as they deem right: only we cannot safely invest any men with power to enforce their claims on our submission. For the sake of the freedom of every man amongst us, then, we stand by our protestantism, not only—though chiefly—because of our spiritual well-being as individuals, but also because of our safety and independence as a nation. The charge of bigotry, of intolerance, of persecution, brought against Protestants when they are compelled by foreign pretenders to fortify the foundations of their national government, is worse than idle; it shows us that there is at least one power which dreads enlightened freedom as its natural enemy, and which will gladly make use of every available means for its destruction. While all our sympathies as men and all our convictions as Christians are enlisted against the *oppression* of any person, or any class of persons, on account of what we lament as errors in religion, it is not from the subjects of the papacy that we are to learn toleration. We are not to be driven, either by their devices or by their taunts, into relaxing our vigilance against the most subtle, the most resolute, the most active, and the most malignant enemy of all that Englishmen hold dear.

As an ECCLESIASTICAL contest, the antagonistic relation of the Church of Rome to what is called 'the Church of England,' is necessarily viewed by Protestant dissenters from their own peculiar position. The consequence is, that the soundness of our protestantism is apt to be suspected by our brethren in the Established Church. Since we repudiate the alliance, incorporation, or connexion of *any* church with the State, we cannot, consistently with this principle, uphold the existing relations between 'the Church' and 'the State' in this country, simply because we are Protestants. We do not believe that 'the Church of England,' *as established by law*, is the bulwark of our liberties. We profess to regard that Establishment as being *itself* an infringement of those liberties. The tendency of our distinctive principles is towards depriving the episcopal establishment in these realms of the political standing in which the Roman clergy are ambitious to supplant it. We would have it supplanted by no other body; we would have it to cease alto-

gether, not transferred to a rival ; we would put out of the way one of the most tempting lures to clerical ambition in every church. While our judgments are on the side of the protestantism which is in the Church of England, we wait to see that protestantism set free from parliamentary intermeddling, both of endowment and of control. We would put it out of the power of papal advocates to contrast their own condition with the worldly grandeur of their opponents ; and by the same act we would put it out of their power to grasp those prizes for themselves.

We set forth these principles prominently in this place for two simple reasons :—*first*, because, as Archdeacon Hare reminds us, in his ‘ Charge,’ the leaders of the Tractarian party in the Church of England began with regarding the dissenters ‘ as, at the moment, her more formidable enemies,’ and ended—*if they have ended*—in submitting to the Church of Rome ;—and *secondly*, because we think there are men now in the Church of England who are not far from perceiving that the dissenting principle has much more to do with the conservation of Protestant Christianity in this country than they would have formerly admitted, and much more, in our apprehension, than the great bulk even of dissenters themselves have yet seen. Let ‘ the contest with Rome’ cease to be a contest between one party which now holds, and another party which is striving to regain, political ascendancy in an ecclesiastical capacity, and then the *whole* Protestant strength of the empire will be visibly and victoriously on one side ; but, as matters now stand, the contest is carried on at a disadvantage, because some Protestants are contending for a position which neither themselves nor their adversaries have any scriptural right to hold.

As a THEOLOGICAL contest, the dispute with Rome is now as grave as ever ; as pressing as ever ; involving as deeply as ever the most precious of man’s interests ; demanding as much as ever the keen discipline of the intellectual faculties, and the loving grasp of revealed truth ; and suggesting, probably with more painful vividness than at any former period, how wise, how holy, how calm, how reverential, how self-relying,—yet how humble and full of trust in God,—the men must be whose work it is, by speech or by writing, to guide the thoughts of Englishmen to just conclusions. It is not the least of our reasons for something like sadness in surveying the arena of this contest, and the attitude of the combatants in the present day, that, on our own side, there should be so many other questions mooted at the same time. More especially does it strike us, as a singularly grave consideration, that the fundamental authority of Protestantism—its living positive element, the Bible—is

assailed with extraordinary activity and plausibleness at the season in which the practical sense of its authority is most deeply needed. Men are brought to severe testing of themselves as to what their views of the Bible are, and for what kind of reasons they are held. The times are too deeply instinct with life to admit of trifling, or hesitancy, in this matter. It were easy enough, for our own part, to reiterate, in plain clear words, what *we* think of the Bible, and our grounds for so thinking; and, with such thoughts, we have no fear for the issue of the contest with Rome: for the conviction ripens with our years, and draws nourishment and strength from all our studies—that this same Bible will turn out to be man's last refuge from the tempests of doubt, and his grand disturber amid the treacherous calms of misbelief. Though our deep love of Him whose blessed gift it is, is often wounded by the flippancy of superficial critics, and not less sorely grieved by the stupidity of ignorant defenders, we, nevertheless, have gathered from these 'oracles of God' the indestructible assurance that the wearied child of speculation—of superstition—or of despondency—will come back from his wayward ramblings to the feet of Incarnate Wisdom, confessing at once his disappointment and his solace, in words which can never lose their awful tone of deep prophetic meaning—'*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*'

With the sceptical unbeliever, however, we are not just now required to dispute. He would agree with us, if he be consistent, in our steadfast opposition to so audacious an assumption of authority, so gross a perversion of reason, so degrading a mass of superstitions, as those which constitute the pretensions, and uphold the power of the Church of Rome. But our main strength in our contest with this usurping and pestilent system lies in our maintaining—*first*, the exclusive authority of the *written revelation* which is held in common by all professing Christians; and *secondly*, the indefeasible right, and the *religious duty*, of every Christian to use his own powers of mind, with all the help which God has vouchsafed, in understanding the import, and in applying the lessons, of the acknowledged written revelation.

The importance of these fundamental principles is evinced by the advocates of Rome themselves; for they continually appeal to the New Testament in support of the papal authority, and construct elaborate, ingenious, and learned arguments, with the express design of proving that their doctrines and their institutions are, at least, in accordance with the plain statements of Scripture. And, in adducing these scriptures for this purpose, they tacitly, yet unavoidably, concede to every man the right to judge whether or not such passages really

exist, plainly bear the meaning which is ascribed to them, and are legitimately used by the persons who use them for this particular purpose. He who appeals to any document in direct proof of any averment can do so in good faith on no other principles: for to tell a man that the document has *not* decisive authority, or that *he* has neither the power nor the right to judge its meaning and its use, would be not to reason with him, but to insult his common sense, and to outrage the decencies of human intercourse. There is no possibility of successfully evading these conclusions. If it be attempted to prove *from Scripture* that the Church of Rome has authority for what she does, and for what she teaches, the very offering of the proof acknowledges the main points on which the Protestant takes his stand in the *theological* contest with Rome. The proof offered is either held by him who offers it to be valid, or it is not. If it be not, it is a mockery to offer it; if it *be*, then the fact of a doctrine being taught in scripture—and not the assumption (rightly or otherwise) of some human authority—is the *ultimate theological reason* for holding that particular doctrine to be true. And if you offer the alleged Scripture as *a* reason why I should admit the doctrine into my theological belief, you treat me, by so doing, as one who has an undoubted right to determine for himself that the Scripture you adduce actually means what you say it does. I may be told, indeed, that I ought to believe that such is its meaning, because competent men have declared that so it is; but, as these same competent men must have had *reasons* for making such a declaration, I claim the right to know what these reasons are, to sift them, to compare them with the judgments of other men, in order that my belief may resemble the belief of those who have gone before me in the capital circumstance of being a *belief which is intelligent and well founded*. The advocate of Rome *must* reason with educated and thoughtful men; and he cannot take one step in reasoning without admitting an ultimate authority, and submitting the bearing of that authority on the question in dispute to the judgment of those with whom he professes to reason in support of his own distinguishing doctrines.

We are fully aware, while saying all this, that there are other modes of addressing the human mind besides that of reasoning, and that it is chiefly—in most cases, exclusively—by wielding those *other* methods of swaying men, that the papacy has gained its conquests. It seduces the senses by its architecture, its sculpture, its painting, its gilding, its gems, its incense, its music. It regales the imagination with its antiquity, its poetry, its eloquence, its symbols, its awful mysteries, its gorgeous pictures of the world to come. It touches the tenderest sentiments of our nature by its apparent sanctity, its external devoutness,

its busy mediations for the dead, its constant ministrations for the relief of the penitent, its felt and pervading presence in the secrecies, as well as in the socialities, of life. It rules the opinions and the actions of men by ten thousand subtle bribes and intimidations, which no logic can detect, no legislature can control, and no utterances of honest indignation counter-vail. It thus weaves around its victims an invisible net-work of captivity, which none but the *weavers* or the *wearers* can break; and men who boast that they are free to use their judgment, and that they use it reverently and piously in receiving as unquestionably scriptural whatever their church has taught them, become impervious to manly reasoning, and fancy they are rejecting heresy when they are but blindly refusing to investigate the truth. Glad should we be to feel assured that this blind and indolent submission to merely human influences, instead of an open and truth-loving freedom of inquiry, is confined to the spiritual vassals of the popedom. Alas! we dare not lay to our souls this flattering unction. But the specialty of the case, we think, lies here;—all that is essential to the peculiar position of the Church of Rome is *philosophically* and *historically* accounted for in the power and active use of these human influences. To whatever extent *they* prevail among Protestants, they produce similar effects; and, as we have lately seen, in too many glaring instances, they gradually draw their victims across the line which separates the Protestant from the Romanist, till they become engulfed in the great vortex of delusion.

The well known *perverts* from the Church of England appear to us to have gone through this process. In reasoning, they have set off with some principle which is not scriptural, and *therefore* not protestant. The serious question for Archdeacon Hare and those who think with him in the 'Church of England,' we take to be this:—'What is that *unscriptural principle* from which such unexpected conclusions have been drawn; and whence came that unscriptural principle to have so strong a hold on members of a Protestant community?' He speaks of the 'defection and desertion' of one on whom he lavishes the the highest eulogies of admiration and affection, as 'a mysterious dispensation,' an 'inscrutable dispensation.' But why not go boldly into the analysis of Archdeacon Manning's mental constitution—the recognised opinions and religious history of a man to whom he cannot impute evil motives or absolute silliness?—We are obliged to confess that we see too much of this mawkishness in the garb of reverence for providential mysteries, among the men who occupy high places in 'the church;' and we are compelled to find fault with the exhibition

of this weakness—for such it plainly is—even in this ‘Charge’ of Ardeacon Hare. Contenting himself with *lamenting* instead of *investigating*, the fall of his brother archdeacon, Mr. Hare calls the attention of the clergy in his archdeaconry of Lewes to ‘*the increase of the Romish schism in our land.*’

He regards this as the ‘most momentous as well as the most disastrous among the events of the last two years.’ He deplores the divisions which enfeeble the Church of England, and expresses his regret that there should be occasion, in an assembly of English clergy, to ask *why* the emissaries of Rome must be resisted. He touches, in passing, on Dr. Newman’s assertion—‘that the English hostility to Rome rests on vague, uncertain tradition, and is founded upon fables’—which he meets by characterizing that writer’s studies as an ingenious transmutation of ‘fable into history and history into fable.’ Conceding to him that national feeling is never grounded in critical individual investigation of facts, he yet maintains that, in the present instance, the Marian persecutions, the Smithfield fires, the Spanish Armada, the Gunpowder Plot, the reign of king John, and the claim to depose sovereigns and absolve subjects from their allegiance, are ‘huge facts staring out from the surface’ of English history; and that no sophist’s wand has yet transformed into acts of virtue and national blessings the Slaughter of the Waldenses, the Bartholomew Massacre in Paris, the murders of Henry III. and Henry IV., of France, and the accursed doings of the Inquisition. Very happily does he wind up by saying:—

‘The conceptions of these facts will, doubtless, be incorrect in divers particulars, and yet they will be substantially true. Herein they differ essentially and altogether from the notions entertained concerning Protestantism and Protestants in Romish countries; where, were it not for the contradictions presented by our travellers, we should be looked upon as little better than ogres and cannibals, and, even as it is, are generally supposed to be sheer atheists. Hence, it would be singular that our adversary should bring forward such an accusation against us, were it not well-known that sophists, as is seen in every other page of the Platonic dialogues, have a happy trick of cutting their own fingers. For, if his accusation is to have any force, it should imply that Romish countries are advantageously and honourably distinguished from Protestant ones by the fidelity of their conceptions concerning Protestants. Yet ours, when divested of their distortions and exaggerations, have a solid basis of historical truth, which we have received from the traditions of our forefathers; theirs, on the other hand, are mere fictions, derived from wilful, conscious, flagrant falsehoods.’—pp. 8, 9.

In his ‘Notes’ to the ‘Charge,’ which fill four-fifths of the volume, the Archdeacon has treated Dr. Newman to one of those keen and witty castigations in which he is so great a

master, and in the course of it the mental characteristics and controversial habitudes of the great 'sophister' are laid bare as in burning sunbeams. In like manner he demonstrates, from Dr. Newman's own showing, that, as we have already seen, the Tractarian movement, of which Dr. Newman was the chief leader, and which he boasted of as 'the only sure ground for resisting the arguments of Rome,' is now relied on by its *quondam* leader as binding his former disciples to follow out the principles of their school to their logical consequences, which logical consequences would infallibly land them, like himself, on the shores of Romanism. Mr. Hare cautions his reverend audience against this 'tyranny of logic,' and ably exposes the one-sidedness with which men argue themselves from naked, isolated premises into the most hurtful errors. While he acknowledges that the Tractarians had rescued some portions of truth from neglect, he traces their progress in the *pushing* of the said truths—while they neglected others equally important—to those extremes in which what was true in its harmony with other principles, becomes false because of its separation from them. On the question of the infallibility of the Church of Rome, the Archdeacon reasons calmly, learnedly, philosophically; of the 'scriptural arguments by which the claim has been propped up,' he is content with saying, in the 'Charge:—'They are so futile, so utterly irrelevant, they might as reasonably be brought forward to demonstrate the laws of gravitation as the infallibility of the pope 'In no instance, I believe, has the proposition to be established been derived even from a misunderstanding of the scriptural text, as a number of sectarian errors have been;' though, as is usual with him, he has discussed these scriptural arguments in the 'Notes,' where a great amount of critical and historical reasoning is devoted to the modern aspect of the controversy.

Not a few of the recent proselytes have been allured to the Roman Church by the delusive vision of UNITY. Archdeacon Hare demolishes the fallacies by which this weak fancy has been defended in the 'Du Pape' of De Maistre. We must find room for a passage in which the Archdeacon answers his own question:—'Why are we to resist and repel those who desire to draw us into the Church of Rome? Why are we not to hail them as our benefactors, and to bow our necks thankfully beneath the yoke which they would impose on us?'

'Because it is a yoke, and not an *easy* one, like that divine yoke which we are bid to take upon us, but a heavy and oppressive human yoke; whereas we are commanded to call no man master upon earth, seeing that we have one Master in heaven, who has called us all to be brethren and servants to one another. Because the dominion of Rome is a usurpation,

founded on no divine right, upon no human right, repugnant to both rights, destructive of both, destructive of the national individualities which God has marked out for the various nations of the earth, and which can only be brought to their perfection when the nations become members of this kingdom. Because history shows, what from reflection we might have anticipated, that the sway of Rome is degrading and corruptive to the spiritual and moral, and even to the political character of every nation that submits to it. Because the pretensions of Rome are built upon a primary imposture; and such as the foundation is, such is the whole edifice that has been piled upon it in the course of centuries; imposture upon imposture, falsehood upon falsehood. Because the evangelical truths, of which, from its portion in Christ's Church, it has retained possession, have been tainted and corrupted by its impostures, and thus have been prevented from exercising their rightful influence upon the moral growth of its members. Because it has gone on debasing the religion of Christ more and more from the religion of the spirit into a religion of forms and ceremonies, substituting dead works for a living faith, the nominal assent to certain words for the real apprehension of the truths expressed by them, interposing all manner of mediators between man and the one only Mediator, changing God's truth into an aggregation of lies, and, at least in its practical operation, worshipping the creature more than the Creator. Because so many of its principal institutions are designed, not so much to promote the glory of God and the well-being of mankind as the establishment and enlargement of its own empire, no matter at what cost of truth and holiness. Because its celibacy is anti-scriptural and demoralizing, baneful to the sanctity of family life, and a teeming source of profligate licentiousness. Because its compulsory confession taints the conscience, deadens the feeling of sin, and breeds delusive security. Because its Inquisition enslaves and crushes the mind, stifling the love of truth. Because its Jesuitism is a school of falsehood. Because it eclipses the word of God, and withdraws the light of that word from His people.'—pp. 36, 37.

The author passes from the 'Contest with Rome,' to other questions, more or less connected with this, touching the internal condition of his church—such as the wavering of many minds under the delusions which draw men to Rome; the famous Gorham Controversy; certain bills in parliament affecting the authority of 'The Church;' Diocesan and National Synods; Church Unions; Movements among the clergy in relation to the Privy Council, the Royal Supremacy, and the 'Papal Aggression;'—matters with which we do not feel called on in this place to interfere. As we have already intimated, Archdeacon Hare has appended voluminous notes to his 'Charge,' according to his custom. The value of such notes by such a writer is, of course, very great, and we must waive the natural objection which we have to this fragmentary kind of literature.

This writer's own position in the church is one which gives much weight to all he says with the younger clergy and the

more thoughtful of the laity; and among dissenters he is much better known than he is by Dr. Newman, to whom he refers as not well acquainted with his writings. The Archdeacon makes one or two negative allusions to Dissenters, which do not intimate any special respect for them, or care to know them. But as there are very many dissenters who watch the movements of the Established Church with lively interest in all the truth and goodness which it contains within its bosom, we deem this a fitting opportunity for declaring our views of Mr. Hare's manner of dealing with the disastrous evils with which the Church is threatened.

The 'Church of England,' speaking of the institution historically, and without polemical asperity, is too much like the Church of Rome, in some of her characteristics, to be entirely proof against the wily sophistry of her great adversary. Very few converts to Romanism are made from the Presbyterians of Scotland, the reformed churches on the continent, or the several bodies of nonconformists in England. Contrasting this state of things with the notorious facts which Archdeacon Hare so seriously laments in the recent history of his own communion, it cannot be unfair, nor is it difficult, to find the explanation. Whether necessarily or arbitrarily—whether wisely or foolishly—the reformers of the Anglican Church were as much afraid of the popular freedom enjoyed by the Protestants in other countries, as they were delighted with their rich learning, their profound theology, and their humble, yet high-minded piety. As it was not *from* the people that the English Reformation derived its impetus and energy, but from the court, the hierarchy, and the great political leaders, it retained as much of the outward forms of past ages as the consciences of the clergy would bear—conservatism rather than innovation being the dominant spirit of the rulers. They saw that they must stoutly deny the authority of the pope; that they must uphold the authority of Scripture; that they must assert the right of private judgment; and, in examining the Scriptures, they were happily led to such views of the main doctrines of the Bible as accord with the tenor of its teaching. But, at the same time, they laid great stress—not unnaturally in their circumstances—on the authority of the ancient church, boldly appealing to that authority, in proof that *they*, not the Roman Catholics, were the theological and ecclesiastical representatives of the primitive church. In the age of Henry VIII., of Edward VI., of Mary, and of Elizabeth, there was a highly respectable portion of the Anglican clergy who were disposed to go to the *highest* antiquity, instead of stopping short at the ante-Nicene Fathers; and there were large numbers of intelligent and holy men who felt it to be

their duty to separate from the communion of 'The Church' at a tremendous cost, for precisely the same reasons which justified 'The Church' in separating from the jurisdiction of Rome. It was not in the use of *honourable* means that the Puritan party were overborne by the opposing party, even when they were exiles together from the Marian persecution; and though we do not wish to revive animosities by repeating our well-known judgment of the process by which 'the Church of England' became what it was, under the auspices of Charles II., in the rebound from the unpleasant state of affairs so pleasantly known as 'The Great Rebellion,' it cannot be forgotten, and must not be concealed, that, to a large extent, the 'dissenters' of England are the representatives of the minority among the reforming clergy in the Church of England in the time of the Marian exile. Now, to 'our dissenters' Archdeacon Hare refers when he says of the Tractarians:—'From the first, as I have observed in the 'Charge,' the party who afterwards obtained the name of Tractarians set themselves to maintain what they regarded as the peculiar position of the English Church against two opposite enemies, on the one side against the Church of Rome, on the other against our English dissenters; and *in doing the latter they laid a special stress on that portion of her characteristics whereby she is chiefly distinguished from our dissenters, her discipline, and her respect and deference for antiquity.*' —p. 124.

The learned Archdeacon, we are sure, does not mean, by giving this as the chief distinction between 'the English Church and the dissenters', that the dissenters have no '*church*;' yet neither he, nor the writers of his communion, ever appear to think it right—while they acknowledge the Roman system as a church—to recognise, either in justice or in courtesy, the *churches* in England which do not conform to the established worship and discipline. He cannot mean to say that the dissenting '*churches*' have no '*discipline*,' or that they have no '*respect and deference for antiquity*.' If he does mean this, we can only regret his want of information. But, whether he means these things or not, he correctly represents his own church as differing from the other Protestant churches in this kingdom and throughout the world, in matters which relate chiefly to *discipline* and *deference for antiquity*. The special point, then, to which we now call attention is this—it is by exaggerating the authority of that *discipline* and the wisdom of that *deference for antiquity* that the Tractarians have found their way to Rome. But the difference between 'THE English Church' and 'our English dissenters' lies chiefly in the degree of deference which is paid to antiquity. The dissenters go to

a *higher* antiquity than 'THE English Church,' goes, both for their doctrine and for their discipline; and, therefore, as it seems to us, they are less vulnerable to the attacks of Rome than the members of 'THE English Church.' The Venerable Archdeacon will find it hard to trace the 'discipline' of his church—its diocesan episcopate—its archdiaconate—its synods and convocations—its creeds and formularies—its rites and ceremonies—its dignities and emoluments—its incorporation with the state—in the oldest Christian writers after the apostles; but if he *could* find them there, the dissenters must still be allowed to claim a more antiquarian taste, inasmuch as they go beyond Cyprian and Tertullian, beyond Polycarp, and Ignatius, and Clement, to the inspired evangelists and apostles. It is in no sectarian spirit that we make these observations. Instead of finding fault with THE English Church—though it *does* require some forbearance to witness the perhaps unconscious arrogance towards dissenters which is symbolized by this *definite* and *exclusive* little article—for her love of antiquity, we go beyond her, as she goes beyond Rome, in the same direction, and we calmly aver, without fear of refutation, that, as the Protestants are more really catholic than the Romanists, the dissenters are more really protestant, and, therefore, more really catholic too than Archdeacon Hare or 'THE Church' of which he is so bright an ornament.

We have never doubted that the time would come when Englishmen must be driven by the ambition, and cupidity, and insolence of priests to ask themselves the question,—*'Is not the gospel for the people?—Do not the people constitute the church of Christ?—Are there not instructions in the New Testament on all church affairs which intelligent Christians of the nineteenth century can understand and apply, without asking what men thought and did who—like themselves—had no other authoritative guidance?—When we see so many of our learned clergy loading themselves with the examples of antiquity, hankering after the mystic attractions of sacerdotal power, arguing one another out of all that is manly and free in the English character, lessening the people's confidence in the sufficiency of the Bible and in the trustworthiness of their own judgment as devout and humble readers of that Bible,—with what weapons shall we repel the advances of Rome? and where are the warriors that will wield them with a strong hand and a brave heart? If Romanism be so bad a thing as all history shows us that it is,—if England is to keep up "the contest with Rome"—let it be for the *freedom of the entire population*, and for the old religion of the Bible. What have we to do with antiquity, if anything*

is meant by antiquity that falls short of the first age? *We know more about that age than we do about any other*; and what we do know is derived not from human sources, but divine.' Such must be, ought to be, *will* be the temper of the general English mind. It has long been the temper of some. Their number increases. Their power of commanding attention increases. The disposition to agree with them increases. Such may not be the temper of the higher clergy. That is scarcely to be expected. We scarcely hope for episcopal or archidiaconal Charges breathing so free and healthy a spirit; and yet, such a spirit would do more to vivify 'THE Church of England' than all the learning of her schools, and all the liberality of her sons.

'Her sons!' Yes. Such is the style in which the great English people are spoken of, with sincere respect, with courteous affection, by the accomplished Archdeacon Hare. Who is the *mother* of these sons? Are not the people themselves THE Church? Then, why so constantly repeat a phrase which, however beautiful and appropriate in Scripture, only tends to obscure men's perceptions of their personal relation to a human system of teaching religion? Soldiers are the *sons* of the army—sailors, the *sons* of the navy; but when these brave fellows defend us, on the land or on the sea, they show that they are *men*. The English laity *were* sons and daughters in their infancy; they *are* sons and daughters in their maturity; they will ever cherish the sweet filial memories of the past in their churches, as in their homes; but in days of struggle for grand principles they must have stronger ties than tradition, deeper reasons than deference for antiquity, higher relations than those of childhood: they must have the distinctiveness of individual judgment; and, as each link of a chain is welded by itself, and the strength of all depends on each—so the great protestant life of England must shew itself in the clear eye and strong sinews of separate thinkers, who are united in one mass because they think the same thing, and because they so think it as to make its truth and its strength bring down all the false things, and all the weak things, wherein our fathers trusted. Let us have this sort of Protestantism—and both Tractarianism and Romanism will find their own place in lands from which the venerable hoar of antiquity has not yet been worn away by science, by art, by freedom, and by that masculine Christianity which is the promoter of them all, and which counts the manliest of the human race among its martyrs.

ART. V.—*Quiet Hours.* By a Little Brother and Sister. Reading :
Rusher and Johnson. 1852.

THE vicissitudes and trials of human life awaken the sensibilities and expand the powers, while they restrain and humble the otherwise proud heart of man. Many are the glorious productions of genius which owe their origin to the stern pressure of personal or relative want, and lessons which have been learnt in solitude and poverty often become available, in prose or verse, for the instruction of succeeding generations. The actual occurrences of life are found by the watchful observer to be as extraordinary and as replete with interest, and still more with moral instruction, as any of the creations of the imagination. Almost every village could furnish its own tale of facts possessing all the interest of the wildest romance, and the incidents of which have stirred to their lowest depth, or roused into their noblest or most fearful exercise, the passions of the human heart. Occasionally it happens in this age of printing, that some memorials of such occurrences find their way into a wider circle, and present themselves more or less to the attention of the indefinable public.

A few years since we resided in a quiet and somewhat antiquated town in one of the midland counties of England. In the neighbourhood, at the distance of a pleasant walk, was situated a small hamlet, embosomed in luxuriant trees, and commanding a fair and extensive prospect of rich meadows and fertile corn-fields studded with their farm-houses and adjoining buildings. In this hamlet one house was pre-eminent. It was capacious, standing in grounds comprising shrubbery, pleasure, fruit, and kitchen garden, with a park-like paddock in its front, the home of the banker of the neighbouring town. Every afternoon its proprietor might be seen wending his way from his place of business to his quiet country seat; and though the silent observer did not fail to notice the stealthy glance and confused expression of countenance which he sometimes manifested, few doubted the respectability of his character or the large amount of his wealth. On sunny days there hastened out of that home, to meet his returning footsteps, as joyous and bright a company of children as ever received a parent's blessing; and many a time have the woods and fields reverberated with their merry laughter and youthful frolic. Sometimes along with them was to be seen the mother, in the full pride of pensive and earnest womanhood, now pushing aside the wild and entangled locks of a lively girl of six or seven, that would be too

boisterous and playsome for her sex and rank, and now assisting to sustain firmly in his seat a younger child that dangled in a pannier from the side of a quiet Shetland pony. They, of all families in the neighbourhood, seemed to be among the happiest, nor did their happiness appear undeserved. A very short time, however, elapsed, and a dark cloud spread over the bright sunshine of their day. The farmers and tradesmen of an agricultural neighbourhood discovered to their amazement that at the usual hour one morning the shutters of the banking-house were not removed, and suspicion and fear soon advanced to certainty—the bank had stopped. Distress and perplexity were exhibited on many countenances, and dismay and sorrow spread through the town. The struggling tradesman, in some instances, had lost the entire amount of the hard-earned savings of many years of anxiety; and those who had been poor hitherto felt that henceforth they must be poorer still. As to the cause of so unexpected a catastrophe, it became gradually known that for years, though no one had suspected it, the affairs of the bank had been in an unsound state: its proprietor, conscious that danger was imminent, had sought to avert it by speculation with the money entrusted to his care, and by several unfortunate transactions had thereby only increased his difficulties and robbed his conscience of repose. At last, after years of apparent affluence, reputation, and comfort, he had been overtaken in advancing age by righteous retribution, and was compelled, as a disgraced and ruined man, to leave the neighbourhood. The home so lovely, the haunt of so many pure affections and household joys, was speedily dismantled and disposed of by public auction, in order to enlarge the scanty dividend, and the mother and her children found a resting-place in the abode of an aged and near relative, whose means of benevolence were diminished by the calamity which most imperatively called for its exercise. Here in that quiet country mansion these children have had opportunity of considering the misfortunes which have beclouded their childhood, and, let us hope, of learning, amidst the indulgent extenuations which filial love would suggest, lessons which may be profitable in future days. The mother leads a life of devout Christian resignation and of lonely widowhood, though death has not taken away the husband of her youth; the elder children are sensible of the calamity which has crushed the hopes and darkened the prospects of their lives, for they can well recollect the hours of childhood and the comforts of their own home; while the younger branches feel there is a mystery in their father's absence which they have not courage fully to explore.

The little book whose title is placed at the head of this article

owes its origin to the circumstances which we have briefly narrated, and was found in circulation in the neighbourhood where the events occurred. As they were matters of public notoriety when they happened, and are so directly referred to in pages exposed for the public eye, it will be esteemed, we trust, no breach of delicacy or act of harsh intrusion into the privacy of the domestic circle thus to have enumerated them. The preface relates 'that some kind and partial friends have expressed a wish that the following pages should appear before the public,' refers to their contents as 'the uncorrected composition of children of eleven and fourteen years old,' and as designed to interest young persons and afford them an acceptable companion to their quiet hours. It appeared to us, apart from the affecting circumstances to which the volume owes its origin, and which we have endeavoured to relate with the kindest respect for the tender sensibilities of its authors, the literary merit of the poems was such as to entitle them to circulation in a wider circle than that in which they are at present known. Some persons—and we confess, but for the unqualified and distinct language of the preface, we should be amongst the number—will doubt whether these refined productions can be the compositions of authors so young in years and in literature, but let our readers, with the poems and testimony before them, on this subject form their own judgment. We proceed to supply a few specimens, and to cull here and there a flower from the sweet nosegay of spring as it lies before us. And, first, here are lines which, admitting the statement of the preface to be authentic, are very beautiful and extraordinary, and would not disgrace the pages of some of our established poets. They are entitled

'PASSING THOUGHTS.

'I love you, I love you, bright beautiful flowers,
And can you, then, only be given,
To gladden the sin-stained dwellers of earth,
And denied to the blessed in heaven?

'You are there, you are there, bright beautiful flowers,
Glowing in sunshine eternal,
With God's own breath to strengthen your powers,
And make you for ever vernal.'—p. 12.

The completeness of the thought, and its expression in these eight lines, is such as we do not often find in youthful poets; and the brevity and terseness with which the sentiment is conveyed constitute no trifling charm. The book is full principally of allusions to the changes and trials which its authors have undergone, and which give throughout a pensive and mournful tone to their versification, ever accompanied, at the same time,

we are glad to observe, by the spirit of Christian gratitude and content. Here are two poems, full of tender and mournful reminiscences which will be read with lively interest as the effusions of a youthful heart :—

‘ ON SEEING MY MOTHER’S PICTURE.

‘ I gaze upon thee young and fair,
In girlhood’s early prime ;
Amid thy dark luxuriant hair,
Bright jewell’d snowdrops shine.

‘ Slowly I turn my gaze from off
That pictured Hebe face,
To fix it on thy pensive brow,
Resemblance to trace.

‘ The merry smile hath passed away,
The cheek hath lost its bloom ;
Thy children see a charm left still,
Which time can ne’er consume.

‘ Thy brow is fair, and on it sits
Deep thoughts serene and holy ;
Such lineaments become thee well,
My mother, meek and lowly.

‘ I should not wish to see thee dressed
In jewels’ gaudy glare,
Thy gentle voice and sad sweet smile
Have charms beyond compare.’—p. 18.

‘ TO MY FATHER.

‘ We are parted now, my father !
Thy form no more I see,
Thy daughter’s heart is with thee
Wherever thou mayst be.

‘ Three years of many sorrows
Have been, and passed away,
Since last we heard thy loving voice
Blessing us in our play.

‘ We had a peaceful home, father,
With friends a goodly store ;
They vanished like the morning mist,
As soon as we were poor.

‘ Much comfort we possess, father,
Which poverty can’t lessen ;
Our grandsire’s tender care, also
Thy prayers, thy love, thy blessing !’—p. 31.

We give another, in which we cannot help thinking, notwithstanding the preface, that we must have the composition in some respects of the parent rather than the child:—

‘ON A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

‘She stood at the gate of her father’s home,
And her infant spirit sunk before it;
For memory turned to happier days,
Ere sorrow had waved its pinions o’er it.

‘Deep thought came over that infant brow,
And tears bedewed the fair young face,
For others dwelt in her own loved home,
And occupied her parents’ place.

‘She paused awhile—then gazed once more;
She thought upon her wayward fate;
The stranger’s dog—faithful, though rude—
Drove her in haste from her father’s gate.

‘Courage, sweet child! thou’rt not alone—
Thy Heavenly Father guards thy fate,
And when thy wand’rings on earth are done,
Will bid thee enter thy Father’s gate.’—p. 27.

But there are in the volume poems of an entirely different form of stanza, and giving indication of power of various kinds, which we hope may hereafter make itself felt and known in the productions of riper years. Take, for instance, the following, which, more than any other in the book, sounds like the language of a child?—

‘TO MY SHETLAND PONY.

‘Black Billy! my pony,
My infancy’s pet,
I’ve lost thee for ever,
But I cannot forget.

‘I hope thy new master
Is gentle and kind,
That thy home is as happy
As the one left behind.

‘In my dreams, I am often
Feeding thee still,
Or in happiness riding
O’er woodland and hill.

‘I fear I am wrong
To wish for thee yet,
As my God has seen good
I should lose thee, my pet.

'Thou dost not, my pony,
Remember me still,
Or those joyous rides
O'er woodland and hill.'—p. 38.

It will afford pleasure to those who have perused these juvenile specimens of verse to meet with the authors of them engaging in due time in more laborious and elaborate tasks and fulfilling the promise of their youth. To those gifted with such capabilities there need be no despair of success in the struggles of this life; and amidst the temptations to which the possession of such tastes and talents will expose them, our hope is that our young friends will never forget the lessons taught them in the bitter school of disappointment and adversity. Christian parents may, without hesitation, introduce 'Quiet Hours' to their children's attention, and we shall be pleased to see a future edition with the name of some London publisher on the title-page.

ART. VI.—*Shakespeare and his Times.* By M. Guizot. London:
R. Bentley.

IN all Coleridge's profound and eloquent criticisms on 'Shakespeare, there is nothing which gives us so full a conception of the great subject as the ejaculation with which he closes a clear and beautiful analysis of one of the plays—'Wonder-making Heaven, what a man was this Shakespeare!' It has, doubtless, occurred to many, that the strongest thinkers of modern times have all been more or less impressed in the same manner as Coleridge. It would seem as if those who had reached the peaks upon the hills of thought nearest to that from which Milton surveyed, in wonder and astonishment, the 'live-long monument' of Shakespeare had each gazed but to marvel—had seen from their altitudes a boundlessness and grandeur which men beneath them could not see, and felt that they could only wonder. Thus Chalmers's visionary eye saw the 'intellectual miracle,' Shakespeare rising up in vastness before and beyond the rugged peak on which he stood; and Wilson's eagle gaze could only catch 'the outline and the wondrous indication of a mind more wondrous far;' while Landor, with all his fine appreciation of ancient and modern greatness, proclaims that

'In poetry there is but one supreme,
Mighty and beauteous.'

These are, in substance, but the utterances—the involuntary ejaculations, as it were, of all profound thinkers who have turned their intellectual eyes toward the vast domain over which the player in the reign of Queen Bess holds indisputable sway. Carlyle has deemed it strange that the world had no higher work for Burns to do than ‘gauge beer;’ and while we may take the liberty of doubting whether that was in any true sense his work at all, it has always seemed to us a much more wonderful thing that the best head in this world of ours—a world that has been so full of stern realities ever since the Fall—should have worn at one time a stage cap, and, perhaps, been bedaubed with whitening for the Ghost in ‘Hamlet.’ It will not get us out of the bewilderment into which we are thrown by the recollection that Shakespeare was a stage-player when his greatest works were written, merely to think that he came upon the stage of human life at a time when the people were importunate for dramatic entertainments, and when, to use the language of one of his latest commentators, ‘the drama was a power in the social life of England.’ We find nothing in that to account for the apparently anomalous connexion of a knowledge of humanity never excelled and a genius unapproachable with the vagaries of theatrical life, any more than we find an association between the genius of Bunyan and the fact of his being a tinker. We look upon Shakespeare as a phenomenon, both as regards his gifts of intellectual power and the medium through which that power was evolved and brought before mankind. Too much importance has been attached to the influence of the drama in its rude state upon the mind of old England at the time of Shakespeare’s appearance. The most that can be made of it will go a very little way in enabling us to account for the form in which his genius found expression. That genius is always sufficient to let us forget the vehicle; and the mystery of his being at once the writer of stage plays and of things which are the greatest and truest chapters in the book of life that were ever written by uninspired man, will not be much affected by a consideration of the state of the pro-Shakespearean drama or the social life of England in the poet’s days. For as he has, in one sense, no individuality, and is so much an omnipresence of humanity in all ages and circumstances, to spend labour and thought upon the conventional usages and social features amid which he passed his personal existence, these constituting but a small part of the great whole of his life-wisdom, seems to us all but fruitless.

It is curious, however, to think that this man, who was engaged in polishing a mirror in which human nature, in all its various forms, and the human heart to its deepest depths

were to be reflected, was really less known to those who brushed his elbow on the streets of London, or had dealings with him at Stratford, than he is to us. A few, doubtless, found him a pleasant companion over a cup of October, or sack posset, and some few more knew him as the possessor of a genial nature, and 'a gentlemanly wit.' The Earl of Southampton, and, it may be, a few others of his contemporaries, admired his readiness and sweetness of versification, and commended his fancy; but the mask he wore was impenetrable to all. Of those who might have been supposed most likely to appreciate his works, there was not one found to collect them at his death, and scarcely any of his contemporaries noticed his existence at all. Ben Jonson doled out a certain modicum of something like patronizing praise, and doubtless thought he was helping to perpetuate his name; but where, amid that glorious circle which surrounded the throne of Elizabeth, do we find one who considered the poet of humanity anything more than a popular player whom the queen had more than once honoured by a 'bespeak,' and who was in many respects a favourite among 'her majesty's servants?' The result of all this is an ignorance of Shakespeare's personal existence, so deep and without a single reliable piece of information to shed a ray of light into it, that we could easily conceive of some bold and ingenious critic of the future age setting himself to prove that our ideas of him, and our speculations regarding his personal or relative position, have been quite erroneous and absurd. It has taken us two centuries to climb to the point from which we can catch a glimpse of his mighty intellectual outline, and now that outline is the horizon beyond which we can scarcely see. It stretches over a world of thought, and we merely scan and expatiate upon certain parts of it which seem to have a stronger light thrown upon them from the characteristics of the age in which we live. But at best we are looking not at the man Shakespeare, but at a portion of a variety of thought, feeling, and passion, which absorbs all considerations of the individual. There is something interesting, too, in the fact that not only the men of the poet's own days, but many who succeeded them, have chronicled every item of information, every scrap of history or tradition bearing upon those who make up the muster-roll of our sovereigns and warriors, while they have nearly all failed to see that 'the founder of another dynasty' was giving or had given glory to the reigns of kings and perpetuity to the language of the English race.

Is it, then, to be deplored that we know so little about the actual life of Shakespeare? Ought we to regret that he has not, like Goethe, left us some volumes of 'truth and poetry,'

from which we might have derived that information about which we speculate beside his tomb or in his birth-place—which we strive to extort from every relic of him, apart from his works, that time, and such of time's pioneers as the destroyer of his mulberry tree, have spared? We think not. We might have looked upon the white-washed resemblance of him which adorns the old church of Stratford-on-Avon with far other feelings than we do, had any unpleasant explanation of the mystery which hangs about the bequest of his second best bed to Anne Hathaway started up and obtruded itself among the feelings with which we gaze upon that serene and genial countenance. We delight only to know that he lived and died, and was a partaker of the human nature he knew so well. Our ignorance on this point has so much bliss, and infers such an absence of everything that would mar our relish for the infinitely more valuable knowledge of him which we do possess, that if any old parchment should yet be dug up about the foundations of New Place, and laid before us as a veritable diary of the marvellous man who sold grain and wrote 'Hamlet' upon that spot of earth, we are not sure that we could be brought to peruse it. It could not tell us the secret of Shakespeare. It might contain memoranda setting forth that on such a day, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, the play of 'Macbeth' was finished, and certain monies duly received for corn delivered;—nay, it might do more, it might give us some sage two-line portrait of a Stratford burgher. But what imports such things to us from him who long ago made us acquainted with the subtlest thoughts which the mind of man hath conceived, and the most glorious imaginings which the wide realm of that land on the horizon of which he stands can yield us? Could any biography, were it even written with the minute toadyism of a Shakespearean Boswell, open for us a wider realm? It could not. Nevertheless, we accept the labours of modern critics and literary antiquaries, the enthusiasm of the Shakespeare Society, and the devotion of such teachers of Shakespeareanism as Collier and Knight; it goes for so much tribute, paid upon the whole in sterling intellectual coin, to the genius of the poet. Literary men and literary societies, like the fabulous builders of Oran who reared a great city around the temple of the sun, are encircling his works with all manner of mental masonry. Some, it is true, have piled up huge heavy and untasteful things that mar the object they are meant to illustrate; but there are graceful and beautiful things also—sparkling and harmonious things which no true believer in the mystery of Shakespeare's greatness will despise. One of these, recently reared, claims our attention at present. It is the work of a skilled labourer, a chaste and tasteful work,

only new to the English reader, M. Guizot having endeavoured years ago to compensate by it, and in the name of France, for the envious sneers and the ridiculous prejudice of Voltaire. The substance of the book now placed before us under the title of 'Shakespeare and his Times,' formed the introductory essay to the best edition of the Shakespearean drama published in France and the eloquent criticism with which the Duc de Broglie announced to the world its successful introduction to the French people in their national theatre.

Had such a book as this been known at the beginning of the present century, much of the patience-taxing twaddle that has been written on the subject might never have seen the light, and thought would have been bestowed upon what we know of Shakespeare rather than speculation regarding what we do not know, and which is of comparatively little concern. Slight as is M. Guizot's work, when the vastness of the theme is considered, it is the result of reflection. What his mind has grasped it has grasped firmly; and there is more in his essay which the lover of Shakespeare will appreciate and prize than he will find in the elaborate puerilities of the older commentators or the strained fancies and conceits of the more recent ones. In one point alone he is defective, lamentably defective. It is much to be regretted that no portion of that knowledge which, to a certain extent at least, M. Guizot must have acquired since his work was originally published, has been brought to bear upon this new edition. Hurried publication, or something equally reprehensible, could alone account for so much of the gossip which disfigured Shakespearean criticism thirty years ago, and so many of the worse than merely fabulous stories of Davenant and Cibber being retailed in an essay which professes to be of a strictly critical character, and which, in its otherwise calm, philosophic tone, is so much of what it professes to be. If it is impossible to enter upon the subject of Shakespeare's genius without speculating upon his history—and it seems to be so—surely we are entitled to expect that the exploded theories by which Rowe and Davies endeavoured to account for the poet's departure from Stratford, and to enlighten the world upon the subject of his early avocations in London, would now be discarded. With a faith in the veracity of these worthies, however, which will strike most readers as peculiar in a thinker like M. Guizot, he recounts, and that, too, with the most profound composure and seriousness, all that has ever been said respecting the deer-stealing and horse-holding and indiscreet marriage of the young poet. One would suppose that these stories, some of them the most improbable that could be conceived, had been thoroughly authenticated, and that

M. Guizot had actually obtained access to the documents in which the *facts* were recited. Upon much more real evidence, deduced from certain passages in 'The Merchant of Venice,' the ingenious Mr. Wheeler, of Stratford, was led to the firm conviction that Shakespeare passed some of his early years in an attorney's office; and as Malone had hinted a similar belief, the worthy solicitor positively buried himself in law papers, in the hope of finding specimens of the poet's engrossing. The legal profession received no addition to its dignity, however; for the opening of 'The Tempest' might have set any one upon an inquiry as to whether the author of it had ever been entered as a boy on board some ship in the squadron of Sir Francis Drake. We regret that M. Guizot has lent his countenance to such absurdities, by treating as facts the idle fancies of those who lacked the wisdom to make use of what they knew. Holding the subject of the poet's personal history as in some sense foreign to the one for which the work before us was originally penned, we think it a pity that it should have been discussed with so little originality, and with so much obvious ignorance of the facts that have been brought forward to prove that in any satisfactory sense we know nothing of Shakespeare, and that what has been palmed upon the world as knowledge is fiction after all. To have done with our objections, however,—we enter our dissent from all that M. Guizot retails upon the subject. From evidence as good as his—if it can be called evidence at all—we do not believe that the poet was either a deer-stealer, or an unfaithful husband, a careless and thoughtless parent, a holder of horses at a theatre door, or a tavern toper. We prefer the conclusion to which the French critic somewhat strangely arrives, considering his premises, when he says:—

'No grave reproach can, at any time, have weighed upon a man whose contemporaries never speak of him without affection and esteem, and whom Ben Jonson declares to have been 'truly honest,' without deriving from this assertion either the opportunity or the right of relating some circumstances disgraceful to his memory, or some well-known error which the officious rival would not have failed to establish while excusing it. Perhaps, on being brought into contact with the higher classes of society, struck by the display of a relative elegance of sentiments and manners of which he had previously had no idea, and becoming suddenly aware that his nature gave him a right to participate in these delicacies which had hitherto been foreign to his habits, Shakspeare felt himself oppressed by his position with painful shackles; perhaps even he was led to exaggerate his humiliation, by the natural disposition of a haughty soul, which feels itself all the more abased by an unequal condition, because it is conscious of its worthiness to enjoy equality. At all events, there can be no doubt that, with that measured circumspection which is as frequently the accom-

paniment of pride as of modesty, Shakespeare laboured to overleap these humiliating differences of station, and succeeded in his attempt.'—pp. 123, 124.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that we turn from M. Guizot's borrowed gossip to what is really his own—the high-toned and eloquent criticism. It was well said by Coleridge that 'the Englishman who could utter the name of William Shakespeare without a proud and affectionate reverence was disqualified for the office of critic.' In this sense our author is thoroughly fitted for his work, entering upon it with almost an Englishman's sympathies, and treating it with a warmth of genuine admiration, equal to that of the poet's most devoted worshippers.

It ought to be borne in mind that at the time this essay was written the classicists were much more numerous in France than they are now, and that to Guizot, the Duc de Broglie, and even more so to Victor Hugo, belongs the honour of having familiarized the minds of their countrymen with the higher claims of the Shakespearean drama. The former, with all his attachment to the genius of the distinguished French dramatists, avows his belief in the superiority of Shakespeare's ideas of art in terms which no writer we have met with has surpassed for clearness and force. Proceeding from the only true principle upon which such a subject can be fairly illustrated, he finds that the dramatic fact takes place in the heart of man alone. There Shakespeare sought it. The history of the man, as generally known, was an object of subordinate interest to him, the character was all. Guided by his marvellous knowledge of human nature, he descended into the spirit from whence all action proceeded, and the natural outgoings of that spirit constituted the interest of the drama's progress. Hence all his plots, or rather the legends upon which those plots were constructed, he took as he found them. Like all great men, he was an extensive borrower. No block of marble from which he carved those figures which, Pygmalion-like, he afterwards invested with the vitality of true humanity was rough-hewn by him. Men of other days and other climes, old Geoffrey Chaucer, Saxo Grammaticus, and storytellers of northern and southern lands had wrought for him. Old world tales and simple legends had passed athwart the minds of mankind, giving place to others of a similar nature, until he came who knew their worth as things to be transformed into chapters in the history of human nature. He presented the characters of these to the world as they lived in the world;—nay, even in his most fanciful creations, how seldom does he quit the high road of life! Knowing that only those things which the human

heart recognised to be of its own nature could profoundly affect it in the true dramatic sense, even those airy creatures of a world lit up by moonshine which people his 'Midsummer Night's Dream' attract us by a human sympathy. What to us would have been the loves and jealousies of fairy life did they not partake of what we know by such words? What the strange, bestial existence of a Caliban, did we not recognise in him enough to prove his humanity—his desire for revenge rising over his animalism—his ambition to be again his 'own king,' and his sense of wrong?

But Shakespeare extends our knowledge of man's intellectual and moral nature by his mastery over the secret springs of human action. On this, the more profound truth of his dramatic system, M. Guizot has some vigorous and philosophical observations. It cannot fail to have struck every attentive student of the poet's works that their interest depends not upon the plot, but upon the characters—more strictly speaking, the characters make the plot. Thus, in the evolution of such characters as Lear or Macbeth, the central interest is in the events of a single life, or rather in the passions and feelings in which these events have their origin, all the other characters contributing involuntarily, as it were, to the grand idea of the drama, while each is perfect in its individuality, and revolves in its own circle of hopes and fears. The primary idea of such tragedies as we have named, nay, of all Shakespeare's tragedies, M. Guizot conceives to be the conflict of human will with omnipotent necessity. Such is indeed the fundamental idea upon which the highest and grandest developments of the dramatic fact proceed. It is the idea which lies at the foundation of the great drama of human life. The conflict of man's perverted will with the immutable laws of the universe, the battle, old almost as the world, which the soul in its outgoings, whether more or less guilty, whether as displayed in the passion of Romeo and Juliet or the terrible ambition of Macbeth, wages with the decrees of absolute justice—of righteous necessity.

'But,' says M. Guizot, 'above this terrible conflict soars man's moral existence, independent and sovereign, free from all the perils of the combat. The mighty genius, whose view had embraced the whole destiny of man, could not have failed to recognise its sublime secret; a sure instinct revealed to him this final explanation, without which all is darkness and uncertainty. Furnished, therefore, with the moral thread which never breaks in his hands, he proceeds with firm step through the embarrassments of circumstances and the perplexities of varied feelings; nothing can be simpler at bottom than Shakespeare's action; nothing less complicated than the impression which it leaves upon our minds. Our interest

is never divided, and still less does it waver between two opposite inclinations, or two equally powerful affections. As soon as the characters become known, and their position is developed, our choice is made; we know what we desire and what we fear, whom we hate and whom we love. There is also as little conflict of duties as of interests; and the conscience wavers no more than the affections. In the midst of political revolutions, in times when society is at war with itself, and can no longer guide individuals by those laws which it has imposed upon them for the maintenance of its unity, then alone does Shakespeare's judgment hesitate, and allow ours to hesitate also; he can himself no longer accurately determine on which side is the right, or what duty requires, and he is, therefore, unable to tell us.'—pp. 109, 110.

While we admire the power which thus keeps the unity of impression complete amid so many characters of an opposite nature, and preserves a harmony of interest throughout a multitude of incidents, we cannot forget that the age in which Shakespeare wrote was in most respects favourable for a development of decided dramatic action. We adhere to the idea of Jonson's line so far as to believe that he wrote not 'for an age, but for all time,' and object to M. Guizot's explanation of the complete dramatic impression conveyed in the Shakespearean dramas which proceeds on the principle of their having been written for the poet's own age, but we find not a little of this particular success arising from the nature of the incidents chosen, and the elements of the characters brought before us. In its broad and general features, human nature, in communities not positively barbarous at least, is pretty much the same; yet it is very obvious that the influences at work upon the mental constitution of man now are very different from what they were in Shakespeare's age. Man, in a high state of civilization, with one exception, perhaps, that of Hamlet—and there the effect is confined to a single character—is not brought out in any of his works; for while we admit that the Elizabethan era was distinguished by strides in the march of progress which no age prior to our own has displayed, it is certainly not too much to affirm that its civilization, so far as it affected individual character, was very different in its main features from the modern acceptation of the term. Shakespeare's heroes are affected less from without than from within. Their characters are developed subjectively much more than objectively. The influence of the passions, and the scruples of conscience—in short, the moral more than the intellectual nature, commands our attention. Living and writing now, he would, as M. Guizot truly remarks, 'have been called upon to give movement to personages embarrassed in much more complicated interests, preoccupied with much more various feelings, and subject to less

simple habits of mind, less decided tendencies.' He kept within the main stream, the centre current, as it were, of human affections, and without entering into the more minute eddies of passion, or the subtle depths of thought, invested his creatures with broad marks of humanity—characteristics common to human nature in all ages. This constitutes the reality—the unchangeable reality of all his characters, looked at from whatever stage of self-consciousness, whatever sight-point of civilization. They never appear to us as belonging to the old world, and will never become obsolete so long as we can find in them chords that vibrate in unison with those of our own nature. Shakespeare derived all this from his own marvellous insight into the heart of humanity.

'But,' says our author, 'there is one truth which Shakespeare does not observe in this manner, which he derives from himself, and without which, all the external truths which he contemplates would be merely cold and sterile images; and that is, the feeling which these truths excite within him. This feeling is the mysterious bond which unites us to the outer world, and makes us truly know it; when our mind has taken realities into its consideration, our soul is moved by an analogous and spontaneous impression; but for the anger with which we are inspired by the sight of crime, whence should we obtain the revelation of that element which renders crime odious? No one has ever combined, in an equal degree with Shakespeare, this double character of an impartial observer and a man of profound sensibility.'—p. 111.

And how finely this sensibility contributes to that complete unity of feeling and character, which produces one of the most powerful dramatic influences—unity of impression with variety of incident. This is well illustrated in the book before us by a reference to 'Hamlet.'

'Death hovers over the whole drama; the spectre of the murdered king represents and personifies it; he is always there, sometimes present himself, sometimes present to the thoughts, and in the language, of the other personages. Whether great or small, innocent or guilty, interested or indifferent to his history, they are all constantly concerned about him; some with remorse, others with affection and grief, others, again, merely with curiosity, and some even without curiosity, and simply by chance; for example, that rude grave-digger, who says that he entered on his trade on the day on which the late king had gained a great victory over his neighbour, the king of Norway, and who, while digging the grave of the beautiful Ophelia, the mad mistress of the madman Hamlet, turns up the skull of poor Yorick, the jester of the deceased monarch, the skull of the jester of that spectre, who issues at every moment from his tomb to alarm the living and enforce the punishment of his assassin. All these personages, in the midst of all these circumstances, are brought forward, withdrawn, and introduced again by turns, each with his own peculiar physiognomy, language, and impression; and all ceaselessly concur to maintain, diffuse,

and strengthen the sole, general impression of death—of death, just or unjust, natural or violent, forgotten or lamented, but always present—which is the supreme law, and should be the permanent thought of all men.'—210, 211.

We have said that Shakespeare's characters are in the main little encumbered with the uncertainties of thought. Hamlet is, however, so marked an exception, that he has been a mystery and his nature a problem, upon which critics have exercised their utmost ingenuity. Presenting the spectacle of a mind cultivated by intellectual pursuits and forced into a position contrary to its laws, all the action of the tragedy proceeds, so to speak, in his own mind. Externally there is little or no progress made until it hastens to the catastrophe in the last scenes with terrible rapidity. The action is seen through the mind of Hamlet, and it hangs upon his indecision. A similar characteristic marks Othello, though to a slight extent, for in the latter case the action is kept up, and the *dénouement* quickened by passion. In Hamlet's character we have an intellectual activity overbalancing the objects of the senses—anticipating results which passion never stays to anticipate, and calling up doubts which are continually paralyzing the energy of resolution. Its 'native hue'—for Hamlet's nature is brave and fearless—'is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' We believe, with M. Guizot, that this beautifully conceived character has no more mystery in it than attaches to an illustration of the subtle workings of the human mind. It is one of the most complete proofs which Shakespeare has left us of his intimate acquaintance, through a deep self-consciousness, with the science of mind. It can only be fully understood and its consistency thoroughly appreciated by thoughtful men, and when taken, as, to some extent, a reflection of the strange passages in the inner life of all of us. Hence it is that Hamlet has ever been one of the most interesting of the poet's characters to thinkers of all nations where it has been known; and hence, we believe, the conflicting opinions regarding its phases. In the work before us, Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the workings of the mind is thus thoughtfully spoken of:—

'Under his treatment, Hamlet's madness becomes something altogether different from the obstinate premeditation, or melancholy enthusiasm, of a young prince of the middle ages, placed in a dangerous position, and engaged in a dark design; it is a grave moral condition—a great malady of soul which, at certain epochs, and in certain states of society and of manners, diffuses itself among mankind, frequently attacks the most highly-gifted and the noblest of our species, and afflicts them with a disturbance of mind which sometimes borders very closely upon madness. The world is full of evil, and of all kinds of evil. What sufferings,

crimes, and fatal, although innocent, errors! What general and private iniquities, both strikingly apparent and utterly unknown! What merits, either stifled or neglected, become lost to the public, and a burden to their possessors! What falsehood, and coldness, and levity, and ingratitude, and forgetfulness, abound in the relations and feelings of man! Life is so short, and yet so agitated—sometimes so burdensome, and sometimes so empty! The future is so obscure! so much darkness at the end of so many trials! In reference to those who only see this phase of the world and of human destiny, it is easy to understand why their mind becomes disturbed, why their heart fails them, and why a misanthropic melancholy becomes an habitual feeling, which plunges them by turns into irritation or doubt—into ironical contempt or utter prostration.

‘That painful uneasiness and profound disturbance which are introduced into the soul by so gloomy and false an appreciation of things in general, and of man himself—which he never met with in his own time, or in those times with the history of which he was acquainted—Shakespeare divined and constructed from them the figure and character of Hamlet. Read once again the four great monologues in which the Prince of Denmark abandons himself to the reflective expression of his inmost feelings; gather together from the whole play the passages in which he casually gives them utterance; seek out and sum up that which is manifest, and that which is hidden in all that he thinks and says; and you will everywhere recognise the presence of the moral malady which I have just described. Therein truly resides, much more than in his personal griefs and perils, the source of Hamlet’s melancholy; in this consists his fixed idea and his madness.’—pp. 208, 209.

One other point of M. Guizot’s criticism we must refer to before we close his delightful volume. In treating of Shakespeare’s historical characters, he alludes to the strong feeling of loyalty which distinguishes them, citing the instance of King John, whom the poet relieves from the interest of the drama, as it were, by placing Faulconbridge and Constance in the central position. Historical facts in their entirety find little place in Shakespeare’s histories. In the purely historical plays they form to some extent the plot, but are so affected by characters not strictly historical as often to lose their consistency altogether. Thus M. Guizot reminds us that at the time indicated by the historical incidents of King John, Arthur was a young man, not a mere boy, as the poet represents him. But let us remark the beautiful equivalent which is given for this departure from the literal truth of history in the maternal tenderness of Constance, one of the most truthful and touching of all his characters. In his reference to the art which Shakespeare has displayed in covering the vicious character of John by the gallantry of Faulconbridge, solely from an excess of patriotic feeling, the critic carries his reasoning too far. If we are to suppose that such an expedient was resorted to in one case,

why not in others? It is not observable in Richard II., the inherent weakness of whose character, mixed with goodness and softened to us, it is true, by misfortune, is fully displayed. Shakespeare's loyalty, where it is displayed, takes a more positive form, and is never simply substituted for truth, as witness alike his faithful picture of Queen Katharine and his panegyric on the infant daughter of her successor Anne Bullen. The one is as much a departure from M. Guizot's principle as the other is a graceful display of a loyalty whose object was much less remote than King John. To the *extent* of the poet's patriotism M. Guizot's remarks apply much more fully. To this, much more than to his knowledge of history, are we indebted for his brave and noble portraits of English historical characters like Talbot, and passages of inspiring poetry like those famous ones in 'Richard II.' and 'King John.'

'This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,

* * * *

'This precious stone set on a silver sea.'

And—

'This England never did, nor ever shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.'

Did we lack the appreciation of his other innumerable influences upon the human heart, what English one is there that does not feel in such lines as these that the power which conceived them 'was not for an age, but for all time?'

We have thus endeavoured to show the spirit in which the essay of M. Guizot is written:—with the forcible, but in some respects fanciful critique on 'Othello,' and the French stage in its relation to the romantic drama, we cannot at present deal. There are many of the opinions advanced therein by the Duc de Broglie with which we cannot altogether agree. High as is his estimate of Shakespeare, it is more thoroughly French than that of his coadjutor, and his criticism is therefore less likely to be accepted by the generality of English readers. The book as a whole, however, is an admirable one, whether we regard it as a contribution to Shakespearean literature, or as a debt due to the genius of the world's greatest poet by the intellect of a great nation. It is in the latter capacity that we should wish the reader to think of it; and there are few, we believe, who will not readily accept it as a compensation for the meanness and vanity of earlier French criticism. There are few men living from whom that act of justice to the intelligence and the taste of France could have come more appropriately than from Guizot, whose honourable name we love to see associated with the genius which our own England has given to the world at large.

ART. VII.—*Japan*; an Account, Geographical and Historical, from the Earliest Period at which the Islands composing this Empire were known to Europeans, down to the Present Time; and the Expedition fitted out in the United States, &c. By Charles MacFarlane. With Numerous Illustrations, from Designs by Arthur Allom. London: George Routledge and Co. 8vo, pp. 435.

THE expedition to Japan lately contemplated by the United States, has called public attention to the condition and prospects of that empire. We have hitherto been content to remain in almost total ignorance concerning it, and should probably have continued in the same state of indifference had it not been for this event. That we possess the means of knowing as much of the Japanese as of any other Eastern nation, is undoubtedly true; but this proves nothing respecting the information actually prevalent. The Latin, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and other books, which are found in our libraries, have been seldom consulted, even by the learned; and are therefore absolutely unknown to the great majority of our countrymen. Sufficient interest has not been felt in the people or history of Japan, to induce the few who have looked into such volumes, to popularize their contents by translating them into the vernacular tongue, in such measure and style as would meet the wants and fix the attention of our people. The article—to use commercial speech—has been a drug, and nobody, therefore, has been willing to expend time and capital on it. A different state of things, however, is now arising. A change is evidently impending over Japan. The people and statesmen of America have resolved to break up the exclusive system on which it has acted; at least, though they may not avow the theory in full, they have proposed the first step towards its accomplishment. We say nothing at present as to the right or the wrong of their procedure. We note the fact only, and that for the purpose of accounting for the demand for information which has arisen. Men are now desirous of knowing all which can be learned respecting Japan;—its history, its commercial intercourse with Europe, the character of its government, the number of its people, their social condition, their religious polity, and the kind and extent of their general information. All thoughtful men, who are interested in such matters, feel that the Japanese can no longer remain practically shut out from the human family. Our American brethren are not accustomed lightly to abandon their enterprises, and as

the causes which lead to their present movement are permanent and are likely to increase in force, we shall do wisely to calculate on their perseverance until their purpose is effected. As our own intercourse with China constitutes an epoch from which great changes will ensue in the 'Celestial Empire;' so the presence of an American squadron in the waters of Japan, should it take place, will furnish a date from which future historians will trace a mighty revolution in that neighbouring state.

The volume before us has had its origin in this new state of things, and is designed to supply the information which all men feel to be desirable, and for which many are looking. Mr. Mac Farlane, with considerable promptitude, has sought to meet the public requirement, and we have much pleasure in commending his labors to attention. His thoughts were drawn to the subject some twenty years since by the late James Drummond, Esq., who in early life had resided in Japan, and at the period of our author's intercourse with him, had collected all the works that had been published about the country. In addition to the knowledge thus obtained, Mr. Mac Farlane tells us—and his volume proves the truth of his statement—'I have carefully consulted all the best authorities.' His pages convey the impression of diligent research, the application of a sound judgment, and freedom alike from credulity and scepticism. He has looked far and wide for information, and if the *book-maker* is occasionally seen for a moment, he is speedily merged in the more attractive and creditable character of the historian.

The empire of Japan constitutes the western boundary of the Pacific Ocean, and is situated between 31° and 48° N. latitude. It consists of various islands, and is separated from the Asiatic continent by the sea of Japan, which is united to the Pacific by several straits, that divide the islands from each other. Its geographical position is much the same in relation to Asia with that of the British Islands to Europe. Its nearest Asiatic neighbour is China, whose habits and polity it is found most nearly to resemble.

About the middle of the sixteenth century a Portuguese vessel, bound for Macao, was driven into one of the harbors of Japan. The authorities were found to be circumspect and vigilant, but by no means indisposed to traffic with their European visitors. 'The Portuguese were received with courtesy and kindness, and freely allowed to traffic with the inhabitants. They were much struck with the beauty, fertility, and high state of cultivation and populousness of the empire, and by the evident abundance of gold, silver, and copper.' Such was the first introduction of Europeans into Japan, in 1542. The honor of the

discovery undoubtedly belongs to the Portuguese, vast numbers of whom speedily repaired to the region of which so favorable a report was received. The Jesuits also early directed their way thither, under the leadership of Francisco Xavier, the associate and coadjutor of Loyola. Their reception and success are thus described by Mr. Mac Farlane:—

‘The Portuguese—mariners, merchants, padres, and all—were received with open arms, not only at Bungo, but at whatsoever other part of the empire they chose to repair unto. The local governments and the minor princes, who then enjoyed a considerable degree of independence, vied with each other in inviting them to their ports and towns. They went wherever they pleased, from one extremity of the empire to the other, and by land as well as by sea. The merchants found a ready and a most profitable market for their goods; the missionaries, an intellectual, tolerant people, very willing to listen to the lessons which they had to teach them. There was no *one* established, dominant religion in the country; the most ancient faith was split into sects; and there were at least three other religions imported from foreign countries, and tolerated in the most perfect manner. Moreover, a faith, said to be of Brahminical origin, and which had been imported from India, was, at the time, widely spread among the people. This faith bore so near a resemblance to the doctrines introduced by the Portuguese, that it must have greatly favoured their reception. It appears to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition, that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimi, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion, that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan? Then the pomp and impressive ceremonials of the Roman church, and the frequency of its services, delighted the impressionable Japanese, who, in all probability, would have paid far less attention to a simpler form of worship. The first missionaries, moreover, were men of exemplary lives—modest, virtuous, disinterested, and most tender and charitable to the poor and afflicted. They sought out cases of distress; they attended the sick; and some knowledge they possessed of the superior science of medicine, as practised by the most advanced nations of Europe, was frequently of great benefit to the natives, and another means of facilitating their conversion.’—pp. 4—6.

The immediate successor of Xavier is said to have founded fifty churches, and to have baptized 30,000 converts. This is probably an exaggeration, but the results of the labors of the Jesuit missionaries were undoubtedly very great, and induced the hope of a speedy conversion of the whole empire. The facts of this history have not received all the attention they merit. We are content with a hasty and superficial glance at them, and the judgment pronounced is, for the most part rather that of a partizan than of a philosopher. We bring

to the inquiry a certain prepossession which colors the facts of the case, and determines the nature of our conclusion. Against this course we should scrupulously guard. It does not consist with the character of our inquiry, is destructive of its integrity, and must involve in very considerable doubt the verdict we pronounce. That very questionable means were employed by the Jesuits is undoubted. In a criminal sense they became all things to all men, and the system of faith and worship which sprung from their labors partook largely of the semblance of paganism as well as of Christianity. The simple worship and purifying doctrine of the latter were strangely mingled with the grotesque rites and superstitious faith of the former. We should be glad to see a calm and philosophical investigation of this history. It merits attention, and would amply repay it. Our modern missions could not fail to be benefited by a thorough knowledge of the case, and an intelligent apprehension of the principles on which the Jesuit polity was founded. Such an inquiry, however, is beyond our present limits. We can merely record our view of its importance, and pass on to other themes. The early missionaries were unanimous in their praise of the kindly disposition of the people. 'I know not,' said Xavier, 'when to have done when I speak of the Japanese. They are truly the delight of my heart.'

The native Christians had at length so increased in numbers as to send an embassy to Rome, to do homage to Pope Gregory XIII., which, however, did not arrive in the capital of Christendom until 1585, when they were present at the enthronization of Sixtus V. This circumstance probably afforded an occasion, for which the adherents of the ancient faith had long been watching, to arouse suspicion on the part of the government. A proclamation was issued prohibiting, under pain of death, the profession of Christianity, and there were occasional and fierce outbreaks of persecution. The Portuguese, however, were secure from any serious molestation, though the native converts were sorely tried. In the meantime, the traffic of the former greatly prospered.

'The gain upon the goods imported was at least cent. per cent., and their profits on the goods they exported were very high. It is confidently asserted that upwards of 300 tons of gold, silver, and copper were exported every year; for at that period the Portuguese had full liberty to import and export whatsoever they pleased, without limitation as to quantity. They traded in fine large ships, the arrival of which was always held as a holiday by the natives. "It is believed," says the valuable old German writer, whom we frequently follow, "that had the Portuguese enjoyed the trade to Japan but twenty years longer, upon the same footing as they did for some time, such riches would have been

transported out of this Ophir to Macao, and there would have been such a plenty and flow of gold and silver in that town, as sacred writ mentions there was at Jerusalem in the time of Solomon."—pp. 11, 12.

The Portuguese guarded their trade with all the rancor and bitterness of a commercial monopoly, exasperated by religious bigotry. The Dutch and English were their rivals, and no bounds were set to the selfishness and ferocity with which they severally acted against each other. Their sole law was that of might. Hence their vessels were armed, and combined the province of the buccaneer with that of the merchant. At length the ascendancy of the Portuguese began to decline. The fierce struggles of their monastic orders, and the arrogance of some of their clergy, offended the Japanese. Their missionaries were consequently prohibited from entering the country, and their traders were confined to a single port.

'In the year 1622 a frightful massacre of native Christians and some of their foreign teachers was perpetrated on a rock in the immediate neighbourhood of that place. The Jesuit father Spinola, a Dominican friar, and a Franciscan, were in the number of those who suffered, having been convicted of returning to the country after the emperor had decreed their perpetual expulsion. Horrible tortures were employed, of which harrowing and revolting representations are given in the illustrations of the books of several of the old Dutch writers. The heroic constancy of the poor Japanese to the faith which they had embraced is an indubitable historical fact, attested as well by the Lutheran or Calvinist Dutch as by the Portuguese and other Romanists.'—p. 44.

At length the entire ruin of the Portuguese settlement was effected by means of a treasonable correspondence with the king of Portugal, which was intercepted by the Dutch, and laid before the emperor of Japan. A terrible persecution immediately ensued, and a royal proclamation was issued, decreeing that 'the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished for ever.' Before the close of 1639 they were totally expelled from the country, and the Dutch became the connecting link between Japan and Europe. The commercial history of nations affords a sad comment on their morals. Gain is the object of their worship, and for its promotion they readily sacrifice every other consideration. This was the case with the Dutch. Not content with supplanting their rivals in the ports of Japan, they gave their assistance to the emperor when his persecuting edicts drove the native converts into rebellion. Their policy was selfish and lowminded in the extreme, and though it secured some commercial advantages, it did not avail to exempt them from restraints and regulations to which no independent people ought to have submitted.

Our own intercourse with Japan commenced early in the seventeenth century. A treaty was concluded in 1613, which gave to our countrymen the right of entering any port in the empire, and though this was somewhat abridged in 1616, a very friendly relation was maintained until 1623, when our countrymen entirely withdrew from the trade. 'Of the English,' says a recent writer, 'it is simply to be observed that in their commercial project they failed, and that they retired with honour, and much regretted, from the scene of their misadventure.' This, it must be remembered, is the judgment of an Englishman and should therefore be received with some abatement, but it was fortunate that our countrymen were far from the empire when the persecutions and civil war broke out, which spread such calamities through the land, and which have thrown so deadly a shade over the character of the Dutch.

All authorities concur in representing the disposition of the people as most friendly. So far as they are concerned, no bar exists to commercial transactions with foreigners, but the suspicious jealousy of the government prohibits such intercourse, and is designed to isolate the empire from all other communities. Some of the regulations by which this is sought are simply ridiculous, while others bear a character of cruelty which no considerations of policy ought to tolerate. 'We heartily wish,' says our author, 'that our trans-Atlantic brethren may proceed in their mission with circumspection, gentleness, moderation, and humanity; but we really cannot call in question either the justice, or the expediency, of their interfering in the affairs of Japan.'

The population of Japan has been differently estimated. It cannot probably be less than 25,000,000, scattered over various islands enjoying very different climates. 'The air of all these islands,' says an old Spanish writer, 'is very salubrious. The soil is very fertile; the fruits are most delicious.'

Idolatry prevails throughout the empire, and its forms are very various. These appear to be regarded with great indifference by the government. Occasionally, indeed, disputes arise, which are settled very summarily by the public whipping, and sometimes beheading, of the chief controversialists.

'An industrious and accurate writer sets down the number of religions or sects, quite distinct from Buddhism, at *thirty-four*. It would be difficult to find in any other country (not England or the United States of America) such striking instances of religious toleration. As far as regards the State, all these sects indulge their several opinions without restraint. The fact is, the Japanese government exhibited a rare and wonderful indifference to mere matters of doctrine, so long as they did not interfere with

the public tranquillity. When the bonzes of all the sects concurred in a petition to the emperor Nobunanga that he would expel the Jesuits and all the Romish monks from Japan, that prince, annoyed by their importunities, inquired how many different religions there were in Japan? "Thirty-five," said the bonzes. "Well," said the emperor, "where thirty-five religions can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six; leave the strangers in peace."—p. 230.

All writers are agreed as to the toleration generally practised. The Christian religion is indeed excluded, but this is not surprising. Political considerations account for the fact, apart from the nature of Christianity, which claims exclusive domination, and frowns upon every other creed. The Japanese profess whatever form of paganism they please, and change the form as often as they think fit. The members of the same household frequently belong to different sects without any disturbance of their harmony.

'From all,' says Mr. MacFarlane, 'that we can collect on this subject, we are inclined to believe that if the government could only be relieved of its prejudices and implacable animosity against the Romanists, or thoroughly convinced of the difference between the church of Rome and the reformed churches, that a troop of reformed missionaries might have a better chance of success than a powerful fleet and a great army of soldiers. But the missionary ought to be kept apart from every political scheme, and from every display of military force. Should the Japanese government suspect the Americans of any extensive design of occupation, conquest, or annexation, its hatred of the religion they profess will, no doubt, become quite as inveterate as that which has for more than two centuries been nourished against the Portuguese and the church of Rome.'—pp. 233, 234.

The government is an absolute despotism, yet, like that of China, it works by a system of unchanging laws. No individual, however elevated or wealthy, is exempt from this iron rule. Everything, therefore, wears a stereotyped character, and all progress is checked. In sketching the costume and habits of the people to-day, we picture what they were some centuries back, and the same rule will apply to the future, unless some great convulsion should shake the foundations of the empire, and assimilate its elements to those of Europe. Amongst many anomalies is the existence of two sovereigns, one presiding over the *spiritual*, and the other the *temporal* interests of the people. Mr. MacFarlane says:—

'We have already dwelt upon the remarkable anomaly presented by Japan of two co-existing sovereigns, each maintaining a state independent of the other, both being the objects of homage on the part of the people, and neither of them, as far as can be seen, betraying any dissatisfaction at the amount of allegiance that is tendered to him. One of the sovereigns

—the Mikado, or Daïri-Sama—rules by “right divine,” or by virtue of his attributed descent from the gods. The other sovereign—the Ziogun, or Koboe-Sama—rules by the “right of might,” or by virtue of his ability to maintain the power wrested by his predecessors from the Mikado. Sovereign *de jure*, the Mikado is supreme in rank, but according to all appearances, quite insignificant in political importance: the veneration which is paid to him falls little short of the honours which are paid to the gods themselves; yet he is little more than a prisoner, for he is brought into the world, and he lives and dies within the precincts of his court. The Koboe-Sama, sovereign *de facto*, is inferior in station, but uncontrolled, except by law and usage, in political authority.—pp. 236, 237.

Personal interviews rarely occur between these monarchs, but the Ziogun frequently sends rich presents to Mikado. Their dignity is hereditary, and in default of male issue they adopt the eldest son of a prince of the empire who is nearest to them in blood. In addition to two emperors, there is a head councillor of state, with powers similar to those of the grand vizier in Turkey. He is called ‘governor of the empire,’ and no business of importance is transacted without him. As in Europe, the honors of the State are not without alloy. The penalty paid, however, is much heavier, and leads to frequent resignations. ‘It has been remarked, that a reigning prince of advanced age is rarely seen in Japan. They vacate the throne, or they die prematurely upon it of grief or ennui. Whatever it may be for the governed, the Japanese system seems to be a wretched one for the governors. Spiritual emperor or lay emperor, vizier or vassal prince, supreme councillor or provincial secretary, all are “cabined, cribbed, confined,” and condemned to a state of existence which would be to a European about as insupportable as that of a galley slave.’

The government of Japan is a personification, in its worst form, of the spy system. Every public officer is narrowly watched, and every house and family contains within itself some agent of that lynx-eyed jealousy which seeks to ascertain the most trifling occurrence of the most distant portion of the empire. Yet the people are represented as ‘frank in their manners, free and open in speech, and most sensitively alive to the points of honor.’ The same fact is observable in Turkey, and the philosophy of it has not yet been satisfactorily explained. A recent English writer has summed up the character of the Japanese in the following terms, to which no serious exception can be taken:—

‘They carry notions of honour to the verge of fanaticism; and they are haughty, vindictive, and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity; they are open-

hearted, hospitable, and, as friends, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust; and that even the stranger who seeks aid will be protected to the last drop of blood. The nation, with all their faults and vices, evinced qualities that won the hearts and commanded the esteem of the missionaries.'—p. 361.

The state of literature in Japan will probably surprise many of our readers. We are so accustomed to pride ourselves on our fancied superiority as to be wholly unprepared for the revelations which occasionally come upon us. This is the case with European states, and is still more so with those of Asia. Yet truth compels the confession, however humiliating, that in some things we are vastly exceeded by those whom we are accustomed to despise. One instance occurs in connexion with our present subject. Paper, for instance, came into use in Japan in the beginning of the seventh century; and printing from engraved wooden blocks was introduced in 1206,—about 250 years prior to its invention in Europe. The literature of Japan has steadily improved since a written language was acquired, and now comprises works of all kinds,—‘historical compositions, geographical and other scientific treatises, books on natural history, voyages, and travels, moral philosophy, cyclopædias, dramas, romances, poems, and every component part of a polite literature.’

‘The wide diffusion of education, which has been more than once mentioned, is of no recent date. The first of all the missionaries who visited the country found schools established wherever they went. The sainted Xavier mentions the existence of four “academies” in the vicinity of Miako, at each of which education was afforded to between three and four thousand pupils; adding, that considerable as these numbers were, they were quite insignificant in comparison with the numbers instructed at an institution near the city of Bandone; and that such institutions were universal throughout the empire.

‘Nor does it appear that these institutions have decreased in modern days. Speaking of the early part of the present century, M. Meylan states that children of both sexes and of all ranks are invariably sent to rudimentary schools, where they learn to read and write, and are initiated into some knowledge of the history of their own country. To this extent, at least, it is considered necessary that the meanest peasant should be educated. Our officers, who visited the country as late as the year 1845, ascertained that there existed at Nagasaki a college, in which, additionally to the routine of native acquirements, foreign languages were taught. Among the visitors on board our ship, many spoke Dutch. Some understand a little French. One young student understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, caught readily at every English expression that struck him, and wrote it down in his note-book. They all seemed to be tolerably well acquainted with geography, and some

of them appeared to have some acquaintance with guns, and the science of gunnery. The eagerness of all of them to acquire information greatly delighted our officers.'—pp. 373, 374.

Few sights are said to be more common during the sunny season of the year than a group of ladies and gentlemen, seated by a running stream, or in a shady grove, each with a book in hand. Whatever the literature of Japan may be, it evidently interests the people. Improvement may be needed, but we may well abate our pride on seeing how widely information is diffused, and with what avidity it is sought. Instead of being so far in advance of other nations, we may take a useful lesson even from some pagan lands.

ART. VIII.—*Minutes of Several Conversations between the Methodist Ministers in the Connexion established by the late Rev. John Wesley, M.A., at their One Hundred and Ninth Annual Conference, begun in Sheffield on Wednesday, July 28th, 1852.*

THIS volume is said, by one of the flatterers of the Wesleyan Conference, to contain legislation which will engage the attention of writers on Methodist polity, and be quoted by them for the next hundred years. We regret that these additions to Methodist law should so little deserve the protracted study which is predicted for them. These laws are the result of lengthened deliberation by the members of a committee, appointed by the Conference of 1851; of repeated consultations by the members of that committee with more than 300 laymen, known to be favourable to Conference prerogatives; and of long discussions in the Conference itself. It is most painful to receive so unsatisfactory a result from so much labour. The divided and distracted Wesleyan societies needed another 'plan of pacification,' by which their strifes might be healed, their diminution arrested, and their ancient prosperity restored. The Conference legislation, presented to us in these minutes, has no pacific tendency. It can only protract and aggravate the controversy, over the bitterness and fierceness of which all good men grieve.

This controversy, which has now raged for nearly three years, and has been the cause of the expulsion or secession of about 80,000 members—that is, nearly one-fourth of the entire body—arose from differences of opinion respecting the powers of the itinerant preachers. Many points have been warmly debated respecting the rights of the clergy and the laity; but recently the whole controversy has been so narrowed that there appears

to be but one question at issue. That one question is—with whom ought to be the power of expelling church members from church communion? The Conference and its supporters maintain that this power is ‘essentially inherent in the pastoral office;’—‘the sentence of excision from the church, and the administration of the sacraments,’ being, according to one of the Conference writers, the only things that are exclusively the pastor’s! The opponents of the Conference, even the most moderate of them, claim that no member of the society shall be excluded but ‘*by a majority at a leaders’ meeting*,’ or, at the least, against a negative vote of such a majority. This they affirm was, for many years, the law and practice of the Conference itself. The more thorough reformers appear to be advancing towards the assertion of the principle that no member of any one of the churches of Christ can be rightfully excluded from church fellowship, except by the act of his fellow-members at large assembled in their church meeting.

To render this statement intelligible to those of our readers who are not conversant with the Wesleyan polity, and the technical terms by which its various officers are designated, it may be necessary to explain, as concisely as possible, the constitution and order of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The Wesleyan Methodist societies ‘in Great Britain this year’ consist of 281,263 persons. Of these persons, many thousands—probably a majority of the whole number, sustain one or more of the many church-offices which may be held by the Methodist laity. They are Sunday-school teachers, prayer leaders, visitors of the sick, exhorters, local preachers, stewards, class leaders. It is to the honour of the Methodists that almost all of them, in one or other of these offices, sometimes in several of them, are engaged in personal service to Christ and His church.

The private members have no share whatever either in the government of the church or the administration of its discipline; neither have any of the officers just mentioned, except the stewards, the local preachers, and the class leaders. The Wesleyan laity are never present, and never, in any way, concur in any acts of discipline. When they are assembled in their society meetings, it is only to receive an address from one of those itinerant preachers who claim and exercise the entire legislative, and nearly the whole of the administrative, authority in the Wesleyan church.

The stewards, the local preachers, and the class leaders, do take part in the administration of discipline:—in absolute subjection, however, to the Conference, as is proved by the minutes now before us. The stewards have the care of the funds con-

tributed for the relief of the poor and for the support of the ministry, in the societies and the circuits. The local preachers, who are gratuitous ministers, hold, at stated periods, meetings, at which, under the presidency of one of the itinerant ministers, persons are appointed local preachers, and excluded from that office. The class leaders are of chief importance in Methodism. Each of them has the spiritual oversight of at least one 'class,' that is, of a small number of members of the society. With these he holds a weekly meeting, and at that meeting, and, if need be, in private also, he inquires into their religious condition, and gives to them such moral and religious instruction and counsel as the state of each may seem to him to require. Thus the class leader discharges duties far more thoroughly and distinctively *pastoral* than are those which the Conference advocate, before quoted, so strangely joins together as 'the necessary and peculiar functions of the *pastoral* office,' namely, the administration of the sacraments and the sentence of ex-cision from the church. These have been claimed as the monopoly of the *priest*. It is sad to see them demanded as the peculiar prerogative of the pastor.

The class leaders and the stewards, or certain of the stewards, with one or more of the itinerant preachers, hold a weekly meeting, which is called the 'leaders' meeting.' This is the meeting which, according to the moderate reformers, did possess, and ought still to possess, at least, a veto upon the expulsion of any member from the society. To this meeting the Conference absolutely and finally refuses to concede such power.

It must be granted that, even at present, the leaders' meeting does take a part not unimportant in the administration of the discipline of the society. In the admission of persons to membership—

'If there be, in the opinion of a leader, any reasonable objection to the character and conduct of any person who is on trial, such objection may be stated by him; and that if the validity of the objection be established to the satisfaction of the meeting, a member's ticket shall not be given to the person so objected to at that Quarterly Visitation.'—'Minutes,' 1852, p. 177.

This is equivalent to the power of a veto on *admission* into the society, and would seem to involve a right to the same power with respect to expulsion from it.

The actual law regarding the expulsion of members cannot be so briefly stated; and yet it needs to be fully explained, since it is the turning point of the whole controversy, and involves questions pertaining to the first principles of church government, and of vital interest to the whole Christian church.

In order to this explanation, it must be stated that the Wes-

leyan congregations are united—first, into circuits, and then into *districts*. To each circuit one or more itinerant preachers are appointed by the Conference, for, at the most, three years in succession. Almost invariably there are two or more itinerant preachers in the same circuit, and of these one is appointed, by the Conference, to be the superintendent.

The itinerant preachers of several circuits, together with certain of the lay-officers, meet, at stated periods, to constitute the ‘district meeting;’ but the lay-officers are not permitted to take part in the discussion and determination of matters ‘purely spiritual.’

The itinerant preachers, stationed in the circuits which form one district, are styled the ‘District Pastorate.’ Their authority is entirely subordinate to that of the Conference or ‘Collective Pastorate.’ This Conference consists, legally, of 100 preachers, who are or have been itinerants. Practically, it consists of all the ordained ministers, who are present at its annual meeting. All may speak and vote, but the decisions require, and always receive, confirmation by a general vote of ‘the legal hundred.’

This annual conference, into which no layman can be admitted, except by special invitation, and then only as a visitor, may enact such new laws as it pleases, for the government both of its own members and of the Wesleyan laity. Such new rules as are for the societies at large are required to be read by the superintendent at the first quarterly meeting of each circuit, after the Conference—that is to say, to the stewards and the class leaders; to the ‘local preachers of three years continuous standing;’ and to the trustees of the circuit chapels, who are resident members of the society. We state thus particularly the constitution of the quarterly meeting, because there are other important functions of that meeting yet to be mentioned. One of these functions relates to the new rules for the society at large, which the Conference may enact:—

‘If the major part of the quarterly meeting be of opinion that the enforcing of such rule in that circuit will be injurious to the prosperity of that circuit, it shall not be enforced in opposition to the judgment of such quarterly meeting before the second Conference. *But if the rule be confirmed by the second Conference, it shall be binding to the whole Connexion.*’ —‘Minutes,’ 1852, p. 168.

This last clause, which we have printed in italics, contradicts the assertion of Mr. Rigg, one of the apologists for the Conference, that the circuits have collectively a veto upon Conference legislation. They have power to suspend the operation of any new law for one year, and power, at their June meetings only, to memorialize the Conference on any connexional subject,

and, in these memorials, to suggest any alterations of the laws of the society which they may think desirable; *but they have no veto upon Conference legislation.* It is with reference to this right of memorial that the Conference has made a real concession, this year, to the lay-officers. Some of the reformers think that the removal of restrictions, as to the *subjects* of the memorials, is a concession of considerable practical value. While, however, there is no longer any restriction as to the subject-matter of the memorials, the Conference renders this concession, as we fear, practically worthless, by declaring that 'it cannot entertain any proposals which are of a manifestly revolutionary character, or subversive of that system of doctrine or discipline which has been confided to it as a sacred deposit.' Now, this sounds plausible enough; but its meaning is, that the right of the itinerant preachers to expel from church membership is part of this 'sacred deposit,' and that the Conference will not entertain any proposals which seek relief from the chief grievance of which the laity complain.

These, as we fear, rather tedious statements respecting the quarterly meeting and the circuit, district, and collective pastorate, are necessary preliminaries to the explanation of the Methodist theory and practice of excommunication.

Violations of the laws enacted by the Conference subject the offender to censure, to suspension, or to expulsion. The present agitations and the recent expulsions will clearly illustrate the working of this system of church discipline.

One of the rules forbids the holding of meetings, the writing of letters, the doing, or attempting to do, anything new, until it has been appointed by the Conference. This is the meaning of the law: we are not professing to quote the precise words. Whenever any serious difference of opinion arises between the Conference and a large body of the laity, it follows almost necessarily that this preposterous law will be broken. The Conference is not believed to be infallible. It does not profess to be so; though it requires an amount of deference to its decisions, which none but an infallible body can consistently demand, or safely receive. When, therefore, any decision—any act of the Conference—is deemed by many of the laity to be unjust and unscriptural, the objectors naturally proceed to confer with each other, to publish their opinions, and to seek the redress of what they feel to be grievances, inflicted upon themselves, or upon those who have a right to their sympathy and protection. If these objectors are private members, they have no legal power to restrain the Conference, in any of its acts or decisions. If they are members of the quarterly meeting, they have no power sufficient to prevent or reverse decisions and

deeds such as they, in their consciences, utterly disapprove. What we have thus supposed, as likely to occur, has actually occurred more than once, and especially at the commencement of the present controversy. Three of the itinerant preachers were expelled from the Conference, because they were suspected (not *proved*) to be contributors to certain publications which were alleged to be libellous, and because they would neither admit nor deny the imputed authorship. By many of the lay-members and officers, this act of the Conference was believed to be unwise, unjust, and anti-Christian. They might be right or wrong in this opinion. We are not claiming to pronounce authoritatively that they were right. We do not think, however, that any person, who is well informed as to the facts of the case, and as to the general opinion of Christian people respecting it, will deny that, according to the general opinion of Christians—ministers and people—throughout Protestant Britain, the Conference was entirely wrong in that act of expulsion. It was the beginning of strife and sorrow, of which no one can yet see the end. At the Conference just closed, several other itinerant preachers have been expelled for co-operation with those previously excluded, and others had resigned for similar reasons. We behold this strange anomaly; ministers who have been openly cast out from amongst their own brethren, welcomed, not a whit the less cordially, by Christians of other denominations, to the hospitalities of the home, the services of the sanctuary, and the solemnities of the Lord's table. Wheresoever they were cordially welcomed before their expulsion they would be more cordially welcomed now. We do not mean that they are accounted blameless; but they are regarded as men who have suffered grievous wrong, and who deserve affectionate sympathy.

The Wesleyan laity had to choose between acquiescence in these unjust expulsions of their ministers or resistance to them. Resistance, in order to have any likelihood of success, must be *organized* resistance. The first steps to organized resistance, such as circular letters, consultations, public meetings, before which the expelled ministers might state their case, vindicate their conduct, and claim their reinstatement, were the very acts prohibited by the Conference law. For attendance at such meetings, and for taking part in organized endeavours to promote the objects of such meetings, the itinerant preachers have excommunicated the offending members of the Wesleyan Society, until they have had to acknowledge the fearful decrease which we have already recorded.

The law and process of excommunication, as laid down in the 'Minutes' of this year, is as follows:—

A member, who has been charged with any moral or ecclesiastical offence, may be brought to trial before the leaders' meeting. In this meeting the superintendent is judge. The other itinerant ministers have a right to take part as members of the meeting. The meeting constitute a jury, who return a verdict of 'guilty,' or 'not guilty.' If the verdict be 'guilty,' the superintendent determines, after consultation with his colleagues and others, whose advice, however, he is not bound to follow, what the sentence shall be, and he pronounces that sentence. He alone decides whether the offender shall or shall not be excommunicated; and against his sentence there is no appeal to any court in which even a single layman has the right to interfere. Only the district or collective pastorate can reverse the sentence. Though all the local preachers, all the stewards, all the class leaders, all the private members, should think the sentence unjust, they,—'the whole Church'—the superintendent excepted, have no power to modify or reverse that sentence. The conference, as the result of all the deliberations of the past year, refuses *'to entertain any proposal which would go to transfer, altogether or in part, the responsibility of the SENTENCE in disciplinary cases from the pastorate to lay officers, whether in a leaders' meeting or elsewhere.'*—'Minutes,' 1852, p. 157.

There is granted, however, amongst the laws of this year, the semblance of an appeal to the laity, in the case where the verdict of the leader's meeting is objected against. The accused can claim a new trial before a special jury, composed of not more than twelve lay members of the quarterly meeting. They can reverse the verdict or confirm it. If they confirm the verdict of 'guilty,' the case is then to be 'left in the hands of the pastorate,' as before.

The superintendent, also, it must be observed, can place an accused person, who has been acquitted by the leaders' meeting, before this special jury for a second trial, if he should judge that the verdict of 'not guilty' was given 'in contradiction to law and evidence.' And even if the special jury should confirm the verdict of the leaders' meeting,—if the accused person should be twice pronounced innocent by the most approved of the lay officers of the church to which he belongs,—the superintendent has still the power to appeal, against the double verdict of acquittal, to courts composed of itinerant preachers *only*; and they, the district, and ultimately the collective, pastorate have power to declare both the juries factious, both the verdicts contrary to law and evidence, and to expel the accused person in spite both of the verdicts and the juries.

It will be objected that we are putting an extreme case, one

never likely to occur. The obvious answer is, that the Conference itself deems it necessary to provide, by a complicated system of laws, for such a case. Besides, it is necessary to suppose the kind of case, to meet which the law is made, in order that the law may be distinctly understood and fairly judged. Our supposed case, moreover, represents very nearly the actual state of some of the Wesleyan societies at the present moment. At Louth, in Lincolnshire, the overwhelming majority of the lay officers and members are completely opposed to the Conference and its authorities. The collective pastorate and the Christian society, in general, are in direct collision. The pastorate expels, the church refuses to acknowledge the validity of the expulsion; but the church—the Christian society—has no remedy, unless the civil law should protect its right to the sanctuaries built at the cost of its members. Against the decision of the collective pastorate, just given on this particular case at Louth, the laity have no appeal.

Thus the members of the Conference have realized the painful forebodings expressed in the close of our article on Isaac Taylor's 'Wesley and Methodism,' in our July number. In effect, they say to the laity, 'you have nothing to do with rules of discipline or laws of administration but to yield them obedience.' They put themselves, afresh and deliberately, into the position which Mr. Taylor and the Protestant press in general warned them to abandon, and which Mr. Taylor so forcibly and accurately described, in the weighty words which we again quote:—

'In respect of the position of the ministers towards the people, which is that of irresponsible lords of God's heritage, the professedly Christian world is thus parted—on the one side stand all Protestant churches, episcopal and non-episcopal, Wesleyanism excepted. On the other side stands the Church of Rome, with its sympathizing adherents, the malcontents of the English Church, and the Wesleyan Conference! This position, maintained *alone* by a Protestant body, must be regarded as false in principle, and as in an extreme degree ominous.'—Taylor, p. 268.

A feeble attempt has been made, in a letter to the 'Watchman,' by the author of the prize essay on the pastoral office, to disprove Mr. Taylor's assertion, and to show that the Wesleyan ministers have some Protestant associates in their pastoral prerogatives. The letter affirms that one of the earliest Protestant Confessions asserts for the pastor 'the power of the keys;' that the elders in Presbyterian churches are not laymen, seeing that they are ordained; and that the parochial clergymen in the Church of England have power to suspend, temporarily, from the Lord's table. It is fair to say that the writer promises a more vigorous attempt to show that the Conference has Protestant precedent for its claims. He must pro-

duce more conclusive arguments than those we have just mentioned. He must show that the principles and practice of the *present* Protestant ministers favour the claims he makes for his brethren. He will get no help towards this from either the free or the established church of Scotland, or from any of the Presbyterian bodies. Scarcely any assertion can be more grotesque in its absurdity than the assertion, that while the local preachers and class leaders are only laymen, the kirk session of the Presbyterian church consists exclusively of ministers. In every practical point of view the elders are laymen. They are engaged in secular life. They do not preach, nor do they share in pastoral duties nearly so completely as do the class leaders. As to the parochial clergy, it may be true that they can suspend from the Lord's table, but there is an appeal at once to a court of civil law,—a court composed of laymen only. Neither presbytery nor episcopacy will give the least sanction to the pastoral power to expel. It is not only true that neither Mr. James nor Mr. Brock possesses this power, but that Dr. Chalmers did not possess it at Glasgow, and that Dr. Candlish neither possesses nor covets it in Edinburgh. It may be that Dr. Pusey covets this pastoral power to sentence to 'excision from the church;' but he cannot obtain it, except by following the footsteps in which his friend Dr. Newman would lead him towards Rome. We are not quite sure, indeed, whether Mr. Taylor does full justice to 'the malcontents of the Church of England,' the clamourers for the revival of Convocation, when he represents them as claiming that exclusive power of legislation for the church which Romish priests and Wesleyan ministers possess, nor are we quite sure that the convocationists do wish to 'exercise the pastoral charge,' as, according to the Rev. Thomas Jackson's opinion, 'it is laid down in the New Testament.' Many of them distinctly propose the admission of laymen into Convocation. Even the Bishop of London gives hope that 'lay as well as clerical members' may be admitted. The Bishop of Oxford explicitly says:—'In my judgment, any body, by whose decision the Church of England is to be bound, should include a representation of her true laity;' nor, according to Archbishop Whately, did any one advocate (in the House of Lords) 'a government of the church by the clergy, exclusive of the laity.' Will the Rev. Thomas Jackson consent to a full representation of the Wesleyan laity in the Conference? Only with such a representation of 'the whole church,'—'the elders and the brethren,'—can the Conference establish its rightful power as a final court of appeal. If such a court of appeal ought at all to exist, surely it should be constituted not of the collective

pastorate only, but of the representatives of the collective church. To this, not only presbyters but even prelates give their assent.

In reply to these considerations, taken from Protestant usage and precedent, the Conference boldly appeals to reason and to Scripture. 'I am not disposed,' says Mr. Scott (now President of the Conference), 'to act in such a matter, on a plan not Scriptural, for the sake of conventional usage.' From prelate, presbyter, and congregational pastor, he appeals to the inspired apostles, as they speak in the New Testament.

The advocates of the pastoral power of excision from the church appeal to two classes of texts of Scripture. They refer *directly* to those Scriptures which enjoin pastors to 'rule the church,' and church members 'to obey them that have the rule over them, and to submit themselves.' *Indirectly* they refer to those texts which are usually quoted to prove that the power to 'put away the wicked person' is in the whole church, and not in the office-bearers only; and they endeavour to show that these texts, when so quoted, are 'wrested for factious and divisive purposes.'

When endeavouring to prove their case *directly*, they urge that if the vote of a majority of the members of the church is necessary, in order to the sentence of excision, the church members rule the minister instead of being ruled by him; the sheep lead the shepherd instead of being led by him; the minister becomes (according to a sentence they are constantly quoting from Mr. James) 'a mere speaking brother,' having no more influence over the church than the actuary of an insurance company over its board of directors; he cannot rule as the New Testament requires him to do.

The answers to this argument are manifold. The class leaders allege that they, rather than the itinerant preachers, exercise the pastoral charge as it is laid down in the New Testament. The superintendent, during the greater part of his residence amongst his flock, must of necessity be a comparative stranger to them. He has short and infrequent conversations with the individual members in his visitation of the classes. Some of them he may be able to visit in their homes; but before he knows them, as the pastor should know his people, the inexorable itinerant plan removes him to another circuit. The class leader exercises a spiritual oversight over his members, and obtains a knowledge of their inner life more intimate than is obtained by any spiritual director except the Romish priest. Mr. Rigg, whom we have quoted before as the Conference apologist, says:—'Without' the leaders, 'the connexion between the ever-changing ministers and the people, would, of necessity, be extremely loose; pastoral oversight would scarcely

exist, even in name ; and, although many sinners might be converted, there would be no effectual provision for the spiritual edification of the churches.* Mr. Rigg would disown the inference we make from this, namely, that the officers who perform so large, important, and indispensable a part of the pastoral duties, must have a right to share largely in the pastoral authority. Could Mr. Rigg disprove the legitimacy of the inference? If the itinerant preachers were to claim the power of excommunication, on the ground that they are the pulpit instructors of the church, the local preachers would prefer their claim to share the power even as they share so largely in the service, and they could point to many of the smaller societies, where they, rather than their itinerant brethren, are the pulpit instructors. The Conference reply that they are, and the local preachers are not, 'separated unto the gospel of God,' and *ordained* to the pastoral office. They are met with the rejoinder that separation from secular occupations is not necessary to the discharge of the pastoral office, since the elders at Ephesus worked with their own hands, and Paul himself chose, at some periods, to earn his own livelihood as a tentmaker. Indeed it is utterly unlikely that the primitive pastors, elders, overseers, were all of them separated from secular occupations. Moreover, it is rejoined, that many of the members of the Conference, and nearly all its leading minds, are not engaged in pastoral duties at all. Whatever the prerogatives of the pastoral office may be, tutors, secretaries, editors, and publishers, are not, as such, pastors. We do not write to disparage the functions of missionary secretaries, editors, and especially tutors of colleges, for the training of ministers and teachers. We should account their functions even more important in some respects than those of pastors ; but they have no right to share the pastoral authority when they do not share the pastoral service. They are in all respects, except that of ordination, in the same position relative to the pastorate as are the local preachers ; and yet, in cases of appeal to the collective pastorate, and in discussions arising out of such appeals, these non-pastoral members of the Conference lead in debate, and are evidently the fountains of law. If, finally, the power of excommunication is said to be imparted in the act of ordination and always retained, so that for the maxim 'once a priest always a priest,' we are to substitute 'once a pastor always a pastor,' then all the ordained ministers possess this power, and are responsible for its exercise. What then becomes of the monopoly of this awful power, for such it

* 'Congregational Independency and Wesleyan Connexionalism Contrasted.' By the Rev. J. H. Rigg. Page 58.

is, rightly considered, by the superintendent? Why, for example, is Dr. Beaumont, who is not a superintendent; and why are all the other ordained ministers, except the superintendents, denied that authority which is affirmed to be inherent in the pastoral office, and absolutely necessary to its faithful discharge? The Conference theory will not bear examination on any side. The superstition regarding spiritual powers conferred in ordination is, perhaps, the weakest side of all.

The preceding reasonings start from principles and facts familiar to Methodists. As Congregationalists, we should have a different kind of answer to arguments founded on the scriptural precepts, addressed to those who are to 'rule' and those who are to 'submit' themselves. In the congregational church the pastor does rule, not as the lawgiver, but as the expounder of the rules which the Divine Lawgiver of the church has given in his inspired Statute-book. The members of the church do obey—not slavishly, but intelligently and freely—Christ's precepts, as their pastor unfolds those precepts to their understandings and their hearts. The solemn act of excommunication from a church of Jesus Christ is not a transaction to which the proceedings by judges, and before juries, in civil courts, can furnish any guiding analogy. The entire system of Methodist legislation has an elaborate complexity utterly alien to the spirit of the New Testament. The real question to be decided in cases of church discipline, is, whether the accused is really a 'wicked person;' whether, by impenitent continuance in sin, he is already separated from Christ, and therefore ought to be cut off from His church, and to be restored only when there shall be proof that Christ hath received him as a true penitent. The Conference speakers and writers are ignorant of the procedure of congregational churches in cases requiring discipline. They do not seem to know that the pastor reproves and rebukes the offender first in private; that the deacons unite in the efforts to turn the wanderer from the error of his way; that when the sentence of excision must be pronounced, the pastor pronounces that sentence, not as the decision of his personal judgment alone, but as the judgment of the church and its officers—of 'the whole church.' We do not eschew the case where there may be a difference of judgment between the pastor and the church. If the difference be as to the proof of guilt, or as to the amount of punishment which is due to the guilt, the wise pastor, remembering that he is liable to mistake, will gladly defer to the opinion of the brethren. If the difference be not one of opinion, but of moral and religious principle—that is, if a majority of the members should persist in retaining in their fellowship one whom they admit to be a

wilful transgressor of Christ's law—there is no remedy but the secession of the christian minority from the majority who deliberately proclaim that they will not obey the Supreme Lawgiver—that Christ shall not reign over them. Nor would there be any remedy, under any form of church government, unless the anti-christian majority were all of them expelled, together with the offender, whose sin they had made their own.

As congregationalists we should also refer to the general strain of the epistles in which Paul 'addresses himself' (we use the words of Neander) 'to the whole church, and takes into account the co-operation of the whole community.' The church is entrusted with the maintenance of discipline within itself. Nor should we be deterred from quoting those texts which a clever writer in the 'Wesleyan Magazine' asserts to have been 'wrested for factious and divisive purposes.' The interpretations which he thus characterizes are not any modern interpretations, invented by the Wesleyan reformers. They are the obvious interpretations which are suggested to ordinary readers, and which are given in such commentaries as those of Barnes, Bloomfield, and Olshausen—the interpretations that pervade Protestant ecclesiastical and biblical literature. The writer in the 'Wesleyan Magazine' has a horror of democracy which equals or exceeds that of Lord Derby. He cannot endure that a Christian church should be regarded as 'an ecclesiastical republic—a community in which government and discipline are administered after a republican fashion.' When our Lord says, 'tell it to the church,' he interprets, 'tell it to the bench of elders,' not to the members at large of the Jewish synagogue. When it is recorded that 'the whole multitude of the disciples looked out and chose the seven deacons,' he reminds us that the apostles had a veto on their choice. When it is said that 'it pleased the apostles and elders, *with the whole church*,' to send the deputation to Antioch, he affirms, that 'there is not a word in the entire narrative to show that any popular assembly was ever consulted on the subject, or had anything to do with the settlement thereof;' and this, although even Mr. Wesley 'factiously and divisively' affirms, that the whole church 'had a part therein.' The texts which this writer thus tortures for tyrannical purposes, will, notwithstanding his perversions, satisfy impartial students that the primitive church polity fully recognised the laity—the whole body of believers—as entitled to full participation in church affairs. The contrast between the Wesleyan and the New-Testament church polity in this respect, cannot be concealed. Even the stewards—the Wesleyan representatives of the primitive deacons—are not

'looked out and chosen' by the church, but nominated by the superintendent, and approved by the leaders' meeting.

But the texts which relate directly to the sentence of excision by the church at Corinth are subjected to the most severe torture. We will give several specimens of the interpretations which are said to have been adopted 'for factious and divisive purposes.'

We take first the popular commentator, Barnes :

'The church at Corinth was to be assembled with reference to this offence, and was to remove the offender. Even Paul, an apostle, and the spiritual father of the church, did not claim the authority to remove an offender, except *through* the church. The church was to take up the case; to act on it; to pass the sentence; to excommunicate the man. There could scarcely be a stronger proof that the power of discipline is in the church, and is not to be exercised by any independent individual or body of men foreign to the church, or claiming an independent right of discipline.'

On 2 Cor. ii. 6, Mr. Barnes comments thus: This punishment was inflicted of many—

'By the church in its collective capacity. Paul had required the church to administer this act of discipline, and they had promptly done it. It is evident that the whole church was concerned in the administration of the act of discipline, as the words "of many" are not applicable either to a single bishop, or a single minister, or a presbytery, or a bench of elders; nor can they be so regarded, except by a forced and unnatural construction.'

Bloomfield interprets 'the many,' 'the general body of the church—meaning all except the person so punished.' The learned and impartial Olshausen classes 1 Cor. v. 4 with those 'passages in the New Testament in which there exists a reference to all the members of the church upon a democratic equality.' Neander, on the same passage, says that the Apostle Paul assumed that 'regularly, in a matter of such common concern, the participation of the whole community was required;'^{*} and Dr. Hinds, the Bishop of Norwich, regards the passage as proving that 'the church, as a body, has the right of exclusion.' Even Mr. Wesley so wrests these texts in the Corinthians, as to say in the 'Notes' which form part of 'the sacred deposit' committed to the Conference, that 'by many' signifies 'not only by the rulers of the church; *the whole congregation acquiesced in the sentence.*'

Against this weight of authority, and against the common-sense view of the passage and its bearings, the Wesleyan writer argues that the case was peculiar and miraculous—that the

^{*} Neander's 'Church History,' vol. i. p. 258, Clarke's edition.

apostle interposed authoritatively, and that his interposition is fatal to the doctrine of inviolable congregational independence. He asks, could the Church of Corinth 'reverse the apostle's sentence? or stay the execution of it? or acquit or protect the accused?' He asserts that the power of the church was neither judicial nor deliberative, but was merely administrative. No one denies the authoritative interference of the apostle, nor the obligation of the church to render implicit obedience to his inspired sentence. The inference is only the more clear and strong in favour of the necessity of the concurrence of the church in the sentence of excommunication. If an inspired apostle deemed it indispensable that 'the many' should inflict, and the many remit, the punishment—much more—immeasurably more—should the uninspired pastorate regard the concurrence of the church as necessary to a valid sentence of excision.

If the apostle were living amongst us, we should gratefully accept his inspired decisions, and implicitly obey them. In the personal absence of apostles, the churches are to execute *their* sentence, as it is contained in their writings, and thus to obey the Divine Lawgiver of the church. No ingenuity will induce students of Scripture to accept the authoritative interference of an inspired apostle as a reason for the authoritative interference of the collective pastorate, especially when the pastorate ignores the church in a manner which stands in complete contrast with the apostle's assembling the whole church, that they might '*put away from themselves the wicked person.*'

Thus the Conference theory of the pastoral authority is condemned by precedent, the precedent of the apostolical and primitive churches, as well as of all Protestant churches in later times: it is condemned as self-contradictory, for the power is exercised by many persons who do not perform pastoral duties at all; while many, who do largely perform these duties, are excluded from sharing in it: it is condemned by the plain meaning of decisive Scripture texts. Yet the Conference cling to it with a desperate infatuation, over which we may mourn, but for the cure of which we have ceased to hope. They speak as men spell-bound, and imagine themselves—not their brethren whom they have cast out of the church—to be persecuted for righteousness' sake!

The present aspect of the controversy saddens the heart of the Christian. The party who are called 'Moderates' complain that their pacific overtures have been met with 'rebuffs and reproach,' instead of the relentings which they hoped to witness, and they prepare to use the press for the diffusion of liberal principles of church order, throughout the Conference connexion. The thorough reformers have large funds, have the

aid of the expelled ministers, and employ the agency of lecturers, as well as of tracts, for the accomplishment of their purposes. Multitudes of the Wesleyan people, who take no part in these agitations, heartily desire concession by the Conference, as the means of restoring peace. We do not venture to foretell the probable result of these agitations. We look mournfully, rather than hopefully, upon them, and pray that He who desires His church to be one may heal the breaches of Zion. If we were writing in the spirit of partisans, we should conceal the fact that the bodies who have seceded from the Conference have not prospered, as might have been hoped. We would conceal no fact. We would learn the lessons which all facts are intended to teach. The New Connexion, though, as far as we know, deserving to prosper, tends to decrease. The Wesleyan Association is torn by intestine strifes. The reformers, in many places, have been compelled to establish separate services, and must soon be pressed with the difficulty of securing an efficient ministry. We have observed amongst them a way of speaking of salaried ministers, and have read of proposed salaries to their lecturers, which indicates a low estimate of the recompence due to intellectual and spiritual labours, and an unwise and overweening confidence in the labours of local preachers. This is a natural reaction from the superstitious reverence for the clergy, which some of them have but recently shaken off; but it is an error, and it leads to fatal practical evils. They imperatively need for themselves, for their families, and for the people amongst whom they hope to win converts to Christ, a thoroughly able and learned ministry. If, out of this whirlpool of strife, there should emerge a 'Methodism of the Future,' in which the people shall enjoy liberty without licence; in which the Bible shall be the only creed, and the New Testament the only statute book; in which the pastoral and the itinerant ministry shall be harmoniously combined;—that future Methodism will need a pastorate, which will not struggle for authority, because it will inevitably gain authority by the force of ability and character—a pastorate composed of the ablest men, adorned with the richest culture, and enabled, by a liberal income, to occupy, humbly yet gracefully, their due rank in English society. Meanwhile, it behoves the Independent and Baptist churches—the churches of the Congregational order, and those of the Presbyterian platform also, to present a pattern of true catholic communion—of freedom and order—of light and love.

Brief Notices.

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Memoir of Daniel Chamier, Minister of the Reformed Church, with notices of his Descendants. London: Printed by Samuel Bentley and Co. 1852.

THIS memoir is not published for sale, but is intended chiefly as a record of family descent. This accounts for its peculiar form, and for numerous details uninteresting to the general reader. The greater part of the book, however, is of a different description. It lets us into the very heart of the noble and triumphant struggles of the Huguenots of France with Henry IV. and the Jesuits. Chamier was the leading spirit of that glorious conquest. He was killed by a cannon-ball at the siege of Montauban. His descendants have filled high positions in the French Protestant Church and in the English state, and some of them suffered for their attachment to the gospel during the persecutions of the Protestants in France. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one of his grandsons came to London, and ministered in several French Protestant churches in this city. One of his descendants took an active part in the American war of the revolution. Another became under secretary of state, and member of parliament for Tamworth. He was well known in the literary and fashionable circles of his day, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and one of the original members of Johnson's Literary Club, founded in 1764, the others being Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Nugent, Beauclercq, Langton, Goldsmith, and Sir John Hawkins. We find another of the family associated with Manners Sutton, archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Ellenborough, and Bishop Magendie; and this gentleman's son filled some of the most prominent situations in the civil service of the East India Company at Madras, and after his return to London, became treasurer of St. George's Hospital, and died in Park Crescent, at the age of seventy-five, in 1831. One of his sons, Frederick Chamier, was a commander in the British navy, the writer of a series of popular nautical

novels, also of a continuation of 'James's Naval History, to the battle of Navarino,' as well as of a 'Review of the French Revolution of 1848.' His brother, the Rev. William Chamier, is now minister of the English Episcopal Church in Paris. We need not enter into further family details, but we have traced with much interest the fortunes of a family 'descended from one of those indomitable opponents of the Church of Rome, whose deep learning and fiery zeal kept alive in the south of France the spirit of the Reformed Church at a time when the avowed dislike of the sovereign, Henry of Navarre, to several of its leaders, and his treachery to the Church itself, aided by the machinations of the Jesuits, and (it must be confessed) the violent bearing of some of its own ministers, had well nigh deprived it of those privileges and immunities which had been conceded in the Edict of Nantes.'

The Claims of Truth and of Unity considered, in a 'Charge' delivered by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Parker, 1852.

It is now some years since, in reviewing Archbishop Whately's two 'Essays on the Kingdom of Christ,' we had to notice the anomalous and perplexing position which that acute and liberal man occupied as a prelate in the Anglican Church, and especially in that objectionable and offensive department of it, the Established Church of Ireland. The 'Charge' before us calls our recollections back to the remarks we then made, and seems to stamp upon them a kind of verification. For example, on the first page of this 'Charge,' his Grace notifies the subject of his preliminary remarks—'*No effectual legislative protection for religion.*' We heartily acquiesce in this principle, to which Dr. Whately was, doubtless, led, as much by his logical as by his historical studies. How comes it, then, that he himself is a legislator in sole virtue of his being a prelate, and for the very purpose of affording legislative protection to religion, and no other?

The Archbishop's next object is to declare and account for 'the stationary, or even receding condition of the Reformation for nearly three centuries.' Among the causes of this phenomenon, he alludes to some having reference to particular times and localities, to contentions among Protestants, and other considerations, in the treatment of which he is, as if unconsciously, led to expose the fact, that a coercive legislation on religious matters, so far from having the advantage of securing uniformity of faith, has only the pernicious disadvantage of creating a hypocritical, and, therefore, a criminal profession of conformity. Yet this writer, we repeat, is one of the highest dignitaries of our coercive church. But for his position, it would seem marvellous that he should have omitted to mention, as obstructing the advance of protestantism, that the Reformed Church retained that controlling protection of the state which had occasioned half the horrors of the papal domination.

His Grace commits another and similar inconsistency in defending the Roman Catholic from the charge of surrendering his private judgment to the church or priest, to whose *dicta* he passively resigns his soul; inasmuch as he has primarily exercised that judgment upon the *validity* of the

sovereign claims of that church or priest. 'To speak,' says he, 'of such a person as indifferent about truth would be not only uncharitable, but also as unreasonable as to suppose a man indifferent about his health or about his property, because, distrusting his own judgment on points of medicine or of law, he places himself under the direction of those whom he has judged to be the most trustworthy physician and lawyer.' Now, if God speaks to us in revelation, treats us in providence, and deals with us in judgment, through our professional advisers, this is an admirable specimen of 'Whately's Logic;' but if religion is a personal thing, and individual responsibility a fact, the case is, we opine, rather different;—and the Archbishop must elect his alternative.

We could continue this style of exposure, did our space permit, throughout the successive topics of this 'Charge,' and should be glad to dwell especially upon two dissertations which one might be forgiven for suspecting to have been treacherously directed against the foundations of the Established Church. These will be sufficiently understood by their titles; the one being headed—'The Adherents of a Party are Deprived of the Character of Witnesses,' and the other, 'Definiteness of Object essential to the Utility of Associations.' How the enunciation of such views can benefit a church of 'shreds and patches' it is hard to see. His Grace's logic is as perfect as his style is lucid; but it seems calculated to act upon his church as Juvenal represents the roots of trees to act upon the sepulchral monuments they were planted to protect, reducing the memorials themselves to destruction and oblivion.

Letters from Italy and Vienna. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1852.

THESE letters, dated in the spring of last year, are anonymous. They have the freshness of being written on the spots described, and are characterized by vivid perception, cultivated taste, an amiable spirit of liberal Church of England protestantism, and a strong view of good sense. While reading them, we have been unavoidably reminded of Charles Dickens's 'Pictures from Italy,' generally in the way of resemblance, occasionally in the way of contrast. The writer sometimes refers to that volume with assent to its statements, but in one instance for the purpose of correction in a point of slight importance. We do not regret that the English traveller, while free from bigotry towards Roman Catholics, so frequently makes a passing observation on the *contrasts* between Romanism and the gospel; and we are not disposed, because extreme Protestants ourselves, to find fault with his testimony in favour of the general morality of the priests at Rome, while, at the same time, confirming the experience of other travellers by gently condemning the dishonesty and falsehood of the Italian people, as compared with others, 'in the transactions of vulgar life.' In the quietest descriptions of Italian sight-seeing, the reader is now delighted with sparkling wit, and now led to thought by some unexpected, yet natural and serious reflection, on the disagreeable national peculiarities. These suggestions are not the less valuable from their association with stories which are rich and *piquant* in most laughter-provoking drollery. Those who have read most about Italy, and even some who have long sojourned in that 'peninsula of wonders,' will probably

meet in these 'Letters' much that is new; and scenes which have become almost familiar will recur to the memory with the fascination which it is in the power of genius to throw around them. We wish all our readers to enjoy the delight which this lively and accomplished writer has afforded us. The close of the last letter is exquisite; and the Sonnet, 'To Italy,' leaves the imagination full of musical and melancholy thought.

The History of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, with Extracts from his Correspondence. 8vo, pp. 312. London: John Murray.

THIS volume supplies a void in historical literature which has hitherto been unoccupied; and by the diligence and pains-taking displayed, it merits a welcome reception. The life of Gustavus Vasa is well known in Sweden; but though the name is familiar to English ears, no separate memoir has been published in our language. This has probably arisen from the slight acquaintance possessed by our countrymen with the languages and literature of the North of Europe. There has been no dearth of materials, nor is the subject wanting in deep interest; but other and more accessible themes have attracted attention. A state of ignorance has been preferred to the labor required in order to a complete knowledge of his illustrious and, in many respects, noble career. 'Few royal names,' as our author remarks, 'are more illustrious, or have conferred more honour upon their country, than those of Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles II.' Of the three, the first was the greatest *king*, and wrought the largest benefits for his country. He was born at the close of the fifteenth century, and in some of the circumstances of his early career resembled closely our own Alfred. By the force of his genius he rose superior to adverse circumstances, united the disjointed and conflicting elements of Swedish society, threw off the yoke of Denmark, broke the power of the Romish clergy, and established the doctrine and polity of the Reformation. His energy, far-sightedness, unwearied diligence, vast capacity, and earnest pursuit of what he deemed for the national welfare, constitute him a rare example of kingly virtues. He had his faults—some of them sufficiently glaring—but take him all in all, Sweden may well cherish his memory and be proud of his fame. The author of the present volume has rendered good service by its publication. He first contemplated a translation of that portion of Geijer's 'History of the Swedes' which related to Gustavus Vasa, but ultimately altered his purpose—we think wisely,—and produced an original work, in which he has combined from various sources whatever is adapted to illustrate the career and character of the Swedish monarch. He has labored with diligence and competent skill in the production of a work which is worthy of public attention. Its qualities are substantial; its interest must be enduring; and we shall be glad to learn that the writer is encouraged to prosecute his researches into the subsequent periods of Swedish history.

The Pastors in the Wilderness; a History of the Huguenots from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Death of Louis XIV. By N. Peyrat. In three vols. London: T. C. Newby.

HISTORY scarcely affords a parallel to the narrative contained in these volumes. The nearest resemblance is found in the darkest and most

atrocious doings of the papal church. Even paganism has been exceeded by catholic Rome, as the valleys of Piedmont and the fair fields and fastnesses of Languedoc testify. The work before us details a series of enterprises, by which the dark policy of Louis XIV., prompted by Bossuet and the Jesuits, sought the extirpation of the Protestant faith. Their churches were razed to the ground, their property pillaged, their dwellings burnt, their wives and daughters insulted, and they themselves driven into exile, doomed to the galleys, or broken on the rack. The work of extermination was carried on to a terrible extent, and the foulest passions of the human heart were freely indulged. The heroism of the Huguenots almost surpasses belief. Deprived of their natural leaders, they stood at bay, chose officers from amongst themselves, and for several years held the Marshals of the 'Grand Monarque' in check. Unhappily, their own character greatly suffered by the scenes through which they passed. The sheep were turned into wolves, fanaticism in its wildest and fiercest mood shaped their policy, and frequently prompted to deeds of blood. Oppression makes a wise man mad. We need not, therefore, wonder at the shepherds of Languedoc emulating the cruelty and treading in the steps of their persecutors. M. Peyrat's work is not written in the style of English history. It is deficient in discrimination and reflection, does not sufficiently distinguish between the true and the questionable, and leaves the reader sometimes in doubt respecting the view that is entertained of the actions recorded. It is a series of rapid sketches, portraying the chief incidents of the strife, rather than a luminous exhibition of the principles involved and the terrible calamity endured. Notwithstanding this, however, the work will be read with much interest, and conveys an instructive though mournful moral respecting the evils of intolerance on the one hand, and of popular fanaticism on the other.

The Head and the Heart enlisted against Popery, under the Banner of Christian Truth. A Prize Essay designed for Sabbath School Teachers and Scholars. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS little volume, apparently the production of a lady, is the fruit of much reading and observation, and most happily fitted 'to arrest the attention, and instruct and fortify the minds of Sunday School Teachers and Scholars.' We do not remember to have seen the unscriptural features of the Church of Rome portrayed with equal intelligence, fidelity, and perspicuousness within such brief limits. To many others, besides the classes for whom it is immediately intended, we can sincerely say, Read these pages, and neither your 'head' nor your 'heart' will hesitate to range under the 'banner' which is here unfurled. The arrangement is skilful, and the illustrations are pertinent and lively.

The Economy of Prayer; its Principle, Practice, and Result: deduced from the 'Lord's Prayer.' By Joseph Ede. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1851.

A SWEET companion for the closet of the devout, for which, in the most sacred moments, the reader will give thanks.

Memoir of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, late Rector of Walton, Herts.
By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. Second
Edition. London: Seeleys. 1852.

NONE can read this ably written Memoir without the highest order of instruction and refreshment. It delineates the character of one of the most beloved of men, who maintained an eminent spirituality with rare practical sagacity and benevolent activity. Differing widely as we do both from Mr. Bickersteth and his biographer in ecclesiastical questions, and in some points of Christian doctrine, and entertaining our own views of the *comparative* excellencies of the particular type of character to which the late rector of Walton belonged, we can assure our readers that in these volumes they will find much to admire, and more to love. The earlier portions are highly instructive to parents; and they present a fine model for young men employed in offices and chambers. Much of the calmness and real power of Mr. Bickersteth's influence was secured by the habit, commenced while young and carried on through life, of acting by method, and faithfully reviewing his course. We have seldom read so well-written a biography, or one which so well deserved to be written in the best manner. The last chapter, headed 'Last Illness and Death,' is a lovely picture of an English Christian family watching the departure of of its revered head into the world of spirits. We greatly admire the modest and chaste simplicity with which the character of Mr. Bickersteth is summed up, and the faithfulness of the biographer to his last injunction—'Let it be made clear that my only ground of confidence is the Lord Jesus Christ—Christ first, Christ last, Christ all in all'—words of deep significancy as the dying wish of one who knew so well what they meant, and who himself meant so much by using them.

The Ragged School Union Magazine, Vol. III. London:
Partridge and Oakey.

THIS magazine is one of the most truly noble monuments of wise and practical philanthropy of which our country can boast. We rejoice to observe that at the close of last year there were, in London alone, 102 schools, having under instruction 10,861 Sunday scholars, 6021 week-day scholars, 5572 in evening classes, 2062 in industrial classes; instructed by 1341 voluntary and 180 paid teachers, and having room for 17,010 scholars. The increase in five years has been most remarkable—from 20 schools, 200 teachers, and 200 children, to the large number we have just stated. Nearly 400 boys and girls have emigrated, and accounts of the most satisfactory kind have been received of their proceedings in the colonies. Many other efficient provisions for destitute children have sprung from this institution. Similar schools and unions abound in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and most of our large cities and towns. We sincerely hope that this publication, which is full of interest to the Christian and humane, will be so encouraged as not only to defray its own expenses, but to leave a surplus for the funds of the union in its self-denying labours. It is conducted in a very able manner, and we most cheerfully give it our best commendation.

The Gospel and the Great Apostacy; or, Popery contrasted with pure Christianity, in the Light of History and Scripture: especially with reference to its present character and pretensions. Prize Essay. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS essay is well fitted to answer the design of the Society by which it is published. The arrangement is skilful; the tone calm, sober, and serious; and it differs advantageously from many publications on the same side of the grand controversy, by promoting 'self-reflection as to the extent in which we may be entangled in these errors.' The writer analyzes and defines Popery with care; intelligently traces its historical origin; lucidly states the conditions of the argument between Popery and pure Christianity; ably refutes the main errors of the Roman Church; denounces its maxims and practices as opposed to the moral law; and portrays its character and its doom in the language of inspired prophets. His positions are ably maintained and supported, both by texts of Scripture and by passages in the original languages from historical authorities. The work is written in a plain perspicuous style, and forms an admirable guide for those who desire to have at hand a compendious, simple, and trustworthy manual of Protestant principles.

Divine Mercy; or, the Riches of Pardoning and Paternal Love. By John Cox. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Ward and Co.

A SCRIPTURAL elucidation of the most attractive of all themes, within the range of ordinary minds, and well adapted to general usefulness.

The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso. Translated in the Metre of the Original. By the Rev. Charles Lessingham Smith, M.A., late Fellow and Mathematical Lecturer of Christ College, Cambridge. In two volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

THE admirers of Tasso will be glad to possess this skilful translation of his immortal poem in the metre of the original. The translator mentions 'Hoole and his Successors,' and renders full justice to the 'ancient structure,' and spirited and easy versification of Fairfax as a work never likely to vanish from English literature. That version, which Dryden pronounced superior in harmony to Spenser, and which Waller studied for its melodious numbers, was republished with a life of Tasso, and likewise a life of Fairfax, some years ago. Since that time, an elegant version in English Spenserian verse has been produced by Mr. Wiffen, librarian to the Duke of Bedford, of which Mr. Smith, in his preface, makes no mention. We regret the absence of a biography of Tasso, of notes, and of an index. The attempt of the translator to give the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' in Tasso's metre, and in such language as the great Italian poet would have used had he been writing English, appears to us to be justified by success. The verses flow on with easy music in harmonious numbers, and in gracefully selected words, sufficiently modern to forego the need of a glossary, yet tinged with as much of the antique as well beseems so old a poem.

The Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World: Records of Pilgrimages in Many Lands, and Researches connected with the Histories of Places remarkable for Memorials of the Dead, or Monuments of a Sacred Character; including Notices of the Funeral Customs of the Principal Nations, Ancient and Modern. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. In two volumes. London: Newby. 1851.

HOWEVER funereal the title of these volumes, the author's intention is not to minister to a morbid melancholy, but, by bringing together the sepulchral rites of various nations, to make literature the vehicle of wholesome thoughts amid the absorbing cares which are too continuously bowing down men's hearts beneath the load of material and momentary interests in their hasty journey to the grave. He has yielded to 'the propensities of early life for ramblings among tombs and ruins, indulged in later years in wanderings of a wider range, and with ampler opportunities for making researches of this kind than fall to the lot of the generality of men to do.' The qualifications which he is conscious of bringing to this work may be said to end there. The book is badly arranged, and the composition is worse than the arrangement. As a compilation of extracts, it evinces some diligence but not much judgment, and more supersitition than good taste. It is, perhaps, not unnatural in a gentleman of the author's country and religious profession to believe the trumpery which he sets forth in these volumes as authentic history, to trifle with the masculine free spirit of the British nation as though it were a mere party prejudice, to bewail the departure of mediæval reverences for the dead, and to hope for the revival of such obsolete modes of honouring virtue and religion. It is too late. The institutions, creeds, ceremonies, and priesthoods of superstition have passed away, and are passing away. It is a vain thing to enshrine *their* memory, to adorn *their* sepulchres. The world will forget them as it becomes wiser, or look upon them as the fallen leaves which prepare the soil for healthier growths. It is with men's works, and not with their graves, that enlightened humanity will sympathize; with the immortal, rather than the mortal; with the spiritual in preference to the picturesque; not with dust, and tombs, and epitaphs, but with souls, and principles, and deeds that cannot perish.

Bible Fruit for Little Children; gathered by the Rev. E. Mannering. London: J. Snow.

AN excellent little book, intended for those who are *beginning* to think, and admirably suited for their instruction. The lovely spirit of the Christian parent breathes in every page, while the elements of true wisdom are ministered in their simplest and most intelligible form.

Louisa. From the German of Voss. By James Cochrane, translator of 'Herman and Dorothea,' from the German of Goethe. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: Theobald. 1852.

A PLEASING translation of a charming poem universally admired in Germany.

The Tagus and the Tiber; or, Notes of Travel in Portugal, Spain, and Italy, in 1850—1. By William Edward Baxter. In two volumes. London: Bentley. 1852.

MR. BAXTER is an experienced traveller and writer of travels. Two years ago he published his 'Impressions of Central and Southern Europe,' and now he has improved the leisure hours of winter evenings in embodying the recollections of another long journey. The variety of the scenes—the graphic descriptions—the lively anecdotes—the acute and just observations which fill these volumes render them very attractive; and the social and political reflections contained in the last six chapters on the Papal Territories, the Political Condition of Italy, the Political Influence of Roman Catholicism, The Land Question at Home and Abroad, and on the Education of the People, make them as practically instructive as they are rationally entertaining. We can readily forgive a little occasional fine writing in volumes with which we have been so much pleased and instructed. We hope they will be widely circulated.

Discourses on Some of the Most Difficult Texts of Scripture. By the Rev. James Cochrane, A.M., &c. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

WE are far from thinking that all Mr. Cochrane's explanations are the best that could be given; most of them are mere reiterations of the usual arguments on behalf of the rigid Calvinism of the Westminster Confession. In the last three discourses, there is an oversight of the particular kind of sin declared to be unpardonable—blasphemy—which, if examined, would have prevented much commonplace obscurity and unsatisfactory exposition. Those who desire a critical, exegetical, and independent discussion of the difficulties surrounding the texts on which the discourses of this volume are based, must seek them elsewhere. For popular preaching, especially in Scotland, these discourses are fair specimens of the mode in which such matters are dealt with, and they will, on the whole, be edifying to a large class of readers.

A Dictionary of the French and English Languages. In Two Parts. I. French-English.—II. English-French. With a Vocabulary of Proper Names, for the Use of Schools and for General Reference. By Gabriel Surene, F.A.S.E., &c. &c. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

A GOOD companion, not only to the student, but to the traveller in France.

Poems illustrative of Grace, Creation, Suffering. By the Rev. Richard Sinclair Brooke, A.B. Dublin: McGlashan. London: Seeleys. 1852.

THESE poems are of varied merit, yet all imbued with a cultivated taste, and many of them animated by a fine national spirit. They exhibit traces of delicate observation, tender sentiment, felicitous command of language, and a healthy tone of religious feeling, without any tinge of sectarian bigotry.

A Vindication of the Church of England, in reply to the Right Hon. Viscount Fielding, on his recent secession to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetual Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, author of 'The Verities of the Church,' &c. London: Rivington. 1851.

AN able vindication of what is true, somewhat enfeebled, in our eyes, by a vein of theological error, which is one of the surest tendencies towards the Church to which Lord Fielding has seceded. Let our readers judge by such sentences as the following:—'The vicegerent of Christ is the Holy Ghost, sacramentally given—first, in holy baptism, once for all, for justification from original sin, through the blood of Christ; secondly, as a perpetual fount of remission of personal sin and renewal of life in the Holy Eucharist.' 'The ecclesiastical, or outward Church, consists of all persons *rightly baptized*, holding the apostolical Scriptures for the canon of faith, and living under the sacramental ministrations of the apostolic succession.'! With the exception of these notions—common to the Church of England with the Church of Rome—we are bound to speak with commendation of this volume, as ably sustaining, in the way of *argumentum ad hominem*, the superior claims of the Church of England. The author avowedly treats this question 'entirely in an ecclesiastical point of view,' in a calm, courteous, and respectful tone, which we cannot but admire.

Analysis and Critical Interpretation of the Hebrew Text of the Book of Genesis, preceded by a Hebrew Grammar, and Dissertations on the Genuineness of the Pentateuch and on the Structure of the Hebrew Language. By the Rev. William Paul, A.M., Minister of Banchory Devenick, N. B. London and Edinburgh: Blackwoods. 1852.

THIS beautifully printed volume has received our most careful attention. It is a great improvement on Robertson's 'Clavis Pentateuchi,' and constructed on the same plan with Bythner's 'Lyra Davideis.' It will be found very helpful to the student of the Hebrew Scripture, especially to such as do not enjoy the instructions of a living teacher. The grammar is based on that of Dr. Lee. The Dissertations prefixed are much more satisfactory, both in their spirit and in their conclusions, than many of the same order exhibiting a greater parade of scholarship. We shall be glad if this brief notice, which is all that we have room for, should secure for it the attention it so well deserves from Christian ministers of all denominations, on whom we shall not cease to urge, as is our wont, the earnest prosecution of these strictly Biblical studies.

A Latin Grammar, containing: Part I, The Eaton Grammar, revised and corrected. Part II. A Second or Larger Grammar in English, for the Higher Classes in Schools, &c. By the Rev. J. T. White, A.M. of C.C., Oxford, &c. London: Longmans. 1852.

MR. WHITE is the Junior Upper Master of Christ's Hospital, London, and favourably known as the able editor of Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' and other classical books. We could scarcely desire a more complete grammar for the work of teaching, or of private study, than the one now before us. The Syntax and the Prosody are both remarkably clear and full.

Healthy Religion Exemplified in the Life of the late Mr. Andrew Jack, of Edinburgh. A Memoir. By the Rev. Peter Lorimer, Professor of Theology and Biblical Literature in the English Presbyterian College, London. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1852.

PROFESSOR LORIMER has rendered good service to young men engaged in business by this simple and well-written memoir of a Christian tradesman. As a truthful history, combining good taste and practical sense with a healthful glow of manly devotion, we are not afraid of saying more than is due when we express our wish that it were in the hands of every tradesman in the empire. There are many Christian employers, we trust, whom our recommendation may induce to distribute it largely among the class of readers for whose best welfare they feel the most conscientious interest.

The Pope's Supremacy a Thing of Priestcraft, alike Unwarranted by Holy Scripture or Tradition. Being a Compendious Refutation of the Arguments by which Modern Romanists attempt to support Papal Usurpation. By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Bosworth. 1852.

A FRENCH Abbé has published two pamphlets for circulation among Protestants, on 'The Pope and the Holy Scriptures,' and 'The Pope and the Primitive Church.' With these pamphlets Mr. Collette ably maintains the conflict which he began in a private correspondence with the writer, which he has here published. We have on a former occasion done justice to Mr. Collette's 'Romanism in England,' and we have no hesitation in commending the pamphlet now under review as cutting from under the feet of the Romanist the whole ground on which he rests his system. We should be happy in promoting its wide diffusion through our country, as singularly well adapted to expose the hollowness of the Papal pretensions.

The Origin and Progress of Book-keeping; comprising an account of all the works on the subject published in the English language from 1543 to 1825, with Remarks Critical and Historical. By B. F. Foster. London: Law; Aylott and Jones; Vandenbergh. 1852.

FROM the collection of variously-coloured pebbles and shells, the notches in rods or canes, knotted strings, *tallies*, scoring presents, we have the words *calculate*, *tally*, *score*, still used in modern accounts. The Italians introduced the Indian notations and the denary numbers, and the system which bears their name. The first treatise on the subject of book-keeping was by an excellent old monk, Lucas Paccoli, in Venice, at a period when the fame of her princely merchants was such that it had become a common saying that 'it required more points to make a good merchant than to make a good doctor of laws?' This was in 1494. In 1531, John Gottlieb published the first *German* treatise on book-keeping at Nuremburg. In 1602, Simon Stevin published, in the French language, his celebrated work on the application of the system of double-entry to the national accounts. The title of the first English book on the *Italian method*, in 1543, was as follows:—'A profitable treatyce, called the instrument or boke to learn to

knowe the good order of the kepyng of the famous reconynge, called in Latin, *Dare et Habere*, and in Englyshe, Debitor and Creditor, by Hugh Oldecastle.' This was followed by Peele, Mellis, Dafforne of Northampton, Collins, Monteage, Clark (a merchant), Fenning, Jones of Bristol, Fulton of Calcutta, Isler, and 159 works on English book-keeping in the English language, ending with Mr. Foster's 'Double Entry Elucidated,' which has received the warmest commendations of the commercial and literary press.

On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.
Small Books on Great Subjects. Edited by a Few Well-Wishers to Knowledge. London: Pickering. 1852.

THE object of these treatises is to portray the state of society in Europe consequent upon the introduction of the Christian faith. It is partly civil and partly ecclesiastical. The anonymous writer is evidently a person of respectable learning, of a candid temper, and philosophical habits, and fully alive to the perversions of sacred truth which mingled at an early period with the doctrines and practices of the Christian Church; at the same time he traces with a cautious and wisely-guided hand the slow disappearance of oppression, cruelty, and the barbarities of war before the progress of Christianity, notwithstanding the reaction of old philosophies, national faults, and the infinite varieties of selfish motives by which its profession was corrupted. With quiet thoughtfulness, and in a gentle flow of elegant diction, he paints the scenes of former times in colours drawn from original sources, often translating largely from the oldest writers. There is a studious, and, we think, successful, avoidance of party bias and theological controversy. Three Parts of the work only have been published, and the author, who has 'written in the solitude of a sick chamber,' has been compelled by exhaustion to take rest for awhile, 'but hopes, if his health permit, to bring out another Part in the spring of next year.' We shall be glad to learn that he has been spared and strengthened to complete his design. The reader will find in his production the results of much investigation exhibited in a manner which is brief but not superficial; 'without rancour, and without favour.'

The Channel Islands; Historical and Legendary Sketches. By C. J. Metcalfe, jun., with Illustrations. Simpkin and Marshall.

'THE Channel Islands, whether we consider the salubrity of their climate, the varied beauties of their scenery, the fertility of their soil, or the important part they have sustained in the history of our country, deserve a better acquaintance, and a higher appreciation, than, from their isolated position, they have hitherto enjoyed.' So writes Mr. Metcalfe in the opening sentence of an instructive preface to this volume of tales in verse; and all Englishmen who have visited those charming islets will concur in his opinion.

The work before us is published by subscription, and its excellent paper and typography, and beautiful vignettes, render it a handsome volume.

The author has evidently been more anxious to keep good faith with his subscribers, than to augment his own profits.

The Channel Islands are rich in traditions. Ten of these Mr. Metcalfe has turned into rhyme. We select a specimen from the last of the ten, relating to St. George's Well, Guernsey. St. George and St. Patrick are said to have met on the spot, and the Irish saint was discussing the means of securing the island for his Irish devotees. The English saint demurred to his right to do so, putting in an equal claim for himself.

'Our claims are equal, do you see!' quoth Patrick.—'Not a bit. Pray is it not an island, man?' quoth George.—'Well, what of it?' 'Why, *this*, I'm king of Ireland,' quoth Pat, 'and, by that token, I'm of all isles the patron saint'—was e'er such logic spoken?

'And Ireland is an island sure—God's blessing on it rest!' 'Nor less is England,' cried St. George, 'of which I stand possessed.' 'Sorrow a bit! Your learning you've forgotten, I'm afraid; 'Tis joined to Scotland, sure; and thus a continent 'tis made.'

The debate waxed warm, and threatened to bring into use the 'good broad sword,' when at length, by the suggestion of St. Patrick, the saints decided to act as saints ever should, by each communicating such blessings as he could to the islanders.

'For sure 'twould be a burning shame, nay, more, a crying sin, For champions of the faith to fight, this *peaceful* isle within.'

To tourists visiting the scenes of these tales, the book may prove an amusing companion. Beyond that extent, we do not think it would be of much interest to our readers.

The Saints our Example. By the author of 'Letters on Happiness.' London: Longman and Co. 1852.

THE writer of this admirable volume is a lady who has already contributed somewhat largely to public instruction in 'Letters to my Unknown Friends,' 'Discipline,' 'Twelve Years Ago,' 'Letters on Happiness,' and 'Some Passages from Modern History.' In the present work she adapts herself specially to members of the Church of England; but, though this circumstance accounts for occasional expressions that are distasteful to Nonconformists, we should regret that any readers of the 'Eclectic' were, on this account, to deprive themselves of the evangelical teaching, both experimental and practical, with which her pages so pleasingly abound. Her lessons are drawn from the New Testament, the common inheritance of all Christians; and whatever diversity of opinion there may be respecting 'Saints' Days,' there can be none respecting the duty and blessedness of our being daily 'followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' To all who would fulfil this duty, and enjoy this blessedness, amid the distracting controversies, temptations, and struggles of these exciting times, we bear our testimony on behalf of this book as an interesting monitor and a faithful help.

Catharine Sinclair ; or, the Adventures of a Domestic in Search of a Good Mistress. By a Servant of Servants. London : W. Tweedie. 1852.

WRITTEN by an American lady, as a companion to a book she had not seen, but which, perhaps, our lady readers have—'The Greatest Plague in Life ; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Servant.' On so really important a question in our domestic economy, as well as on some others, we venture, with becoming diffidence, to invite the attention of our fair friends to this clever little story, written by one of their own sex and condition.

Tyre ; its Rise, Glory, and Desolation. With notices of the Phœnicians generally. London : Religious Tract Society.

THIS volume belongs to the monthly series of the Tract Society, and has been prepared with much diligence and pains-taking research. Materials have been collected from various sources, ancient and modern, and the whole are arranged with skill and discrimination. No fair opportunity of illustrating the sacred writings is neglected, 'and it has been the aim of the compiler to set forth Tyre and its history as conveying a solemn lesson to those who, in modern times, are busily engaged in the pursuits of industry and commerce.' The volume is most creditable to the Society, and will amply reward a diligent reader.

Sonnets, written strictly in the Italian style ; to which is prefixed an Essay on Sonnet Writing. By the Rev. William Pulling, M. A., &c. London : J. and J. H. Bohn.

It is, perhaps, a just charge against those who enjoy, as resident members, the emoluments and the learned leisure of our universities that they do not contribute their just proportion to the higher literature of this country. But to this, as to all such general rules, there are happy exceptions ; and one of the most eminent of these is the author of the volume before us. Mr. Pulling, though undistinguished by the accident of church preferment, is a man not only of great moral worth, but of singularly vast and various attainments ; and of his literary reputation it may be said, as of the fame of Marcellus, 'Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.' As a linguist, the amount of his learning may well be unknown, inasmuch as there can be but few who are qualified to appreciate it ; but in the volume before us he presents himself in a manner which all cultivated minds can admire and enjoy.

A review of English poetical literature might suggest the notion that our language, with all its acknowledged merits, is not adapted to the sonnet. Indeed, Mr. Macaulay, in criticising these minor productions of Milton, apologises for them as a kind of poetical *memoranda*, and desiderates the 'hard enamel' of Petrarch. If anything can redeem our language from this charge, we think that the defence has been successfully achieved by the combination of poetic feeling, and, if so mechanical an expression is admissible, the beautifully dexterous manipulation of Mr. Pulling. A single specimen, inscribed 'To God,' will at once illustrate our criticism,

and afford a specimen of the high moral and religious feeling which inspires the whole of this beautiful little volume :—

'A HALLOW'D name I wrote upon the sand
Of the sea-marge. Eternal Sire! 'Twas thine!
And oft I view'd the labour of mine hand,
To see if well were form'd each sacred sign!

Deep all were drawn, and would, I hoped, withstand
The flood returning of the wavy brine;—
But back it hasted to the bounds of land,
And swept away each trace of my design!

'Tis thus, O heav'nly Father! on mine heart
Thy finger, as on stone in days of yore,
Inscribeth oft how good and great Thou art :—

But soon life's billows sweep its tablet o'er :
Then, then all vestiges of Thee depart,
And I am left the ravage to deplore !'

Review of the Month.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT, as it is understood from ministerial organs, will meet for the despatch of business on an early day in November; though there is just a hope that the event may occur a fortnight or more earlier than that time. It would be rash to predict the party forms into which its heterogeneous elements will crystalize, until those elements are brought into direct combination. It is almost as difficult to forecast the policy of the government. This is walled up within an impenetrable silence, against which all the parties which the public press represents fire their provocations in vain. That the ministry will originate measures to rescind the commercial economy on whose solid surface the names of Peel and Cobden are engraved, is generally regarded as improbable to the last degree. The palmiest days of Sir Robert Peel's career seem destined to a revival; and it is not improbable that the Earl of Derby will be the second Nemesis of the inequitable designs of the British agriculturist. Still it becomes the advocates of commercial freedom to maintain a close combination and a constant watch. They have enemies as skilful in insidious strategy as they have heretofore been overwhelming in force of arms. But it is not only economical interests which are now in peril; it is not to be disguised that we have at present an anti-progressive and anti-national ministry. A Spanish proverb says, 'Injure a man, and you will never forgive him,' and a parity of experience demonstrates that those who have injured a cause with which they have once been associated, regard it ever afterwards with an incurable repugnance. The Prime Minister was a party to the Reform Bill, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer emerged into public

life as an ultra-liberal. It is natural to conclude that they will be most determined enemies of political reform, and that the dribblets of it which they will consent to allow will be, as it were, worthless hostages given to the enemy to seduce them to an ignominious peace.

On one point alone the minister has distinctly declared his intention—viz., 'to maintain the Church of England *in all its integrity*.' If the corruptions of that church had not been recently proved to be flagrant—if they were merely casual and symptomatic, instead of being essential and vital—such language might be misunderstood. As, however, the case stands, it can only be interpreted as declaring a reckless resolution to perpetuate those corruptions, to reject all the claims of justice, and in this, as in all the more political departments of the administration, to arrest and throw back the shadow on the dial of national progress.

The ordinary dictates of wisdom would seem to prescribe an obvious course to the advocates of political and ecclesiastical reform. We should deprecate a hollow and insubstantial truce. The surrender of principles would be as great a folly now as at any period of less embarrassment and uncertainty. Nevertheless, union is the very secret and essence of our strength. The errors, nay, even the suspected treacheries of the past, should be forgotten. Our safety lies in the combination of an invincible resolution to carry out those measures which constitute the policy of the age, with that candour and moderation of counsel which, without dishonourable compromise, shall secure the embodiment of a phalanx strong enough to hurl from their official seats the obstructors and opponents of the will of the people. In such a cause names need not be mentioned, and personal antipathies should be forgotten. Let it be a battle of principle and not of faction, and we will await the issue with a cheerful confidence.

By the death of the Duke of Wellington, a large amount of patronage has been placed at the disposal of the Premier. Some popular disapprobation was excited by a rumour that the office of Commander-in-Chief would be assigned either to Prince Albert or to the Duke of Cambridge. The acceptance of such a function by the Prince Consort would have been the first false step in his public life, and it is understood, with very general satisfaction, that this important appointment has been conferred upon the veteran general, Viscount Hardinge, an arrangement which suggests a faint, but still cheering, probability, that the department of the Ordnance, over which he has hitherto presided, will hereafter be merged in that of the Commander-in-Chief.

CHANCERY REFORM has been one of the prominent stalking-horses of the Derby administration; and on this, as on most other subjects on which a tangible announcement has leaked out through the doors of the Cabinet, barred and guarded by official reserve, the phenomena are singularly contradictory and puzzling. The Lord Chancellor, stealing, as Mr. Disraeli would say, the clothes of the bathing Whigs, has initiated their project of chancery reform.

The Master's office, that sepulchre of fortunes and limbo of vain hopes, the purgatory of suitors and the paradise of the bar, has been abolished. The unhappy prisoners of the inquisition of equity have had the crust of theoretic hopes thrown into their dungeon; but the practice of the Government is as inconsistent with this flattering theory as—to take an extreme

illustration—the recent statements of the members of the Government at the hustings. Like the cat transformed in the fable into a bride, Lord St. Leonards is still the cat; and the appointment of Mr. Stuart to the vice-chancellorship, vacated by the premature death of Sir James Parker, declares, louder than words can speak, the *animus* of the Government. Mr. Stuart, eminent, no doubt, as an equity barrister, is chiefly notorious to the public as the passive nominee of the late Duke of Newcastle, who ‘did what he liked with his own,’ and as the determined obstructive of chancery reform. It is difficult to prognosticate the effect (as the lawyers term it) of the Lord Chancellor’s benediction. ‘The voice is Jacob’s, but the hands are Esau’s’; and the chances are, that the patrimony will belong to neither. An honest regard to a righteous and just reformation is not to be expected from men who once bore the name of Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden and Edward Geoffrey Stanley.

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS has occasioned much uneasiness, especially to those classes whose commercial interests would suffer from a rupture with our Transatlantic brethren. The facts of the case are simply these. By the terms of a long-standing treaty, the Americans are debarred from taking fish within three miles of the coasts or bays of British North America. This prohibition, according to an undisputed international understanding, withholds them from approaching nearer than a distance of three miles from the two headlands which enclose any of the said bays. This contract the fishing vessels of the United States have long been accustomed to infringe. They have entered the bays of our colonists, and prosecuted their trade as if no such treaty existed. The complaints of our American fellow-subjects have been loud and repeated; and at length the present Government have adopted proceedings at once prompt and menacing; they have not only insisted on the cessation of all infractions of the treaty, but have sent vessels of war to protect the interests of the colonists. These steps greatly irritated some parties in the American Legislature; and although it was impossible to justify their infraction of a binding treaty, it was still feared that a hostile collision might ensue. As Parliament is not sitting, the negotiations which have passed between the two Governments are not before the public. Until lately, however, it has been generally understood that the dispute had been adjusted by a surrender of the rightful claims of the colonists to the sole fishery of their bays, on the condition that they should enjoy a similar privilege along the coasts of the United States. This ostensible compensation is just nominal and valueless;—indeed were it otherwise, the aggressors would have had no temptations to those encroachments which form the ground of the dispute. Meanwhile a memorial of the most urgent description has been addressed to her Majesty from the aggrieved colonists, praying that their rights may be effectually protected, and the provisions of the treaty enforced. Private letters indicate a far greater degree of exasperation than could decently be exhibited in a state paper; and it is now reported that the ‘difficulty,’ as the Americans term it, is as far from a settlement as ever. There is nothing that we should more earnestly deprecate than the interruption of our friendly relations with the United States. As the two great poles of Anglo-Saxon civilization, enterprise, laws, language, and religion, the cordial union of the two countries is as important to their common interests as it is fraught with benefit and

promise to the world at large. In the special contemplation of such interests, the prayer, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord,' might well become a universal liturgy. At the same time, it is impossible to observe, without great regret, the selfishness and rapacity, which is, we fear, increasingly infecting the national character of the United States. Even the atrocious invasion of Cuba appears to have been only the exponent of a feeling which now extensively prevails in the States; while the unjustifiable breach of faith which occasions our present dispute with them is simultaneous with a claim to the Lobos Islands, only known to the world as the mine of guano, and immemorably the undisputed dependency of Peru—a claim the dishonesty of which is almost forgotten in a sense of its outrageous absurdity. The latest intelligence respecting this dispute is afforded by the 'New York Journal of Commerce,' and is published in the 'Times' of September the 23rd. 'The fact is,' says the American organ, 'that there has been neither settlement, nor arrangement, nor negotiation on the subject, and for the present there is not to be any. The difficulties that at first apparently surrounded the question have disappeared in consequence of a better knowledge on the part of our government of the circumstances of the case. All the misapprehension which existed in this country on the subject of the British orders and pretensions, and all the ill feeling that prevailed in consequence of it, were caused by the blundering manner in which the new British ministry took their measures for the protection of the shore fisheries of the American colonies.'

'The state of the matter is now thus:—No negotiation has been commenced, on either side, on the subject; but on both sides it is promised that, in order to avoid a collision, the greatest degree of caution and forbearance shall be used.'

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA appears, at last, to be approaching its termination. It has constituted only one of many indications of an evil destiny hanging over the connexion between Great Britain and her colonial dependencies; and the mode in which it will be concluded is by no means flattering to the martial pride of this country. The result is not that we have destroyed, or even reduced, the enemy, but that we are resolved, after the experience of a succession of disasters and a large expenditure of national wealth, not to fight any longer. The policy of General Cathcart now is to make the colony self-defensive, to withdraw our troops, and leave the frontier of the colony to be defended by a mounted police. It is obvious that this conclusion might have been arrived at twelve months ago, and the country thus have been spared the sacrifice of about three quarters of a million sterling; but the colonial office seems fated to mistake and failure. One result, however, of this arrangement is matter of congratulation. It must necessarily confer upon the colony the unrestricted right of self-government, and thus a precedent will be established, which we hope to see very extensively followed. Hitherto we have paid very dearly for the right to boast that the sun never sets upon our empire.

THE CASE OF THE REV. ROBERT MOORE serves to perpetuate the universal scandal excited by those recent disclosures of episcopal and capitular malversation brought to light by the report of the ecclesiastical commission, and by the exertions of church reformers in the House of Commons. This gentleman, it appears, has enjoyed an income of

£10,894 6s. 6d. a-year, for the sinecure office of Registrar-General of Wills. This office, to use his own words, is a patent one of great antiquity, which has always been executed by deputy, and the emoluments of which are regulated by act of parliament; and it is now about to be broken up for want of funds to pay the necessary staff. It was the gift of his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will be inherited by one, if not two, gentlemen after his decease, who have had the good fortune of similar parentage. The notoriety of this fact has directed public attention to the other offices held by Mr. Moore. Of these the following is the plethoric catalogue, in so far as it has yet been revealed to the public:—

1. A canon of Canterbury, £1000 a-year, and a share of the patronage of thirty-four livings;

2. The Rector of Hunton, Kent, £763, and a suitable house;

3. The Rector of Latchingdon, £680, and a suitable house;

4. The Rector of Eynesford, Kent, £150, and patronage of living, £410;

5. The Rector of Hollingborne, £55 and fines.

From these purely professional sources, apart from the great sinecure, this gentleman appears to have received a sum of no less than £184,000.

The interest felt in Mr. Moore is perhaps enhanced by the recollection that his brother, the Rev. George Moore, was, till 1846, by gift from the same quarter, Canon of Canterbury (value £1000 a-year, and a share of the patronage of thirty-four livings, held since 1795), Rector and Vicar of Wrotham (value till his death £2061, with suitable house, held since 1800), Vicar of East Peckham (value £750, with suitable house, held since 1805).

The notice bestowed upon this flagrant case by the public press has elicited some similar, but almost incredible facts, with reference to a Mr. John Mott, who appears, from the showing of a correspondent in 'The Times' (Sept. 9), to hold no fewer than thirty-seven offices in ecclesiastical courts, the respective values of which vary from £1123 11s. 10d. per annum, to a small sum. Such a system can never last. It seems as if the Church of England would perish, as an establishment, through the intolerable magnitude of its corruptions.

THE QUESTION OF THE REVIVAL OF CONVOCATION continues to agitate the Church of England, and its interest is sustained by the operations of a society whose sole design is the advocacy of this much-disputed measure. One of their latest publications is now before us,* the design of which is to present in one view the declared opinions of the highest ecclesiastical authorities on this subject. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol announces his conversion to the sentiments of the Convocation party, after years of doubt and mistrust; only proposing one constitutional change. 'I apprehend,' he says, 'that no arrangement of this matter will be satisfactory to the Church as the community, except such as will give a fair representation to the clergy of all the dioceses in England, Wales, and Ireland, to be assembled not in separate synods, but in the same house of convocation.' The Bishop of London adopts a similar course,

* A Catena of Episcopal Authorities on the Synodical Question; or its progress demonstrated by extracts from Charges recently delivered by dignitaries of the Church of England, with notes and observations. London: Rivington.

advocating the restoration of synodical powers, but adding, 'It may be doubted whether the actual constitution of convocation is the best that could be devised.' The Bishop of Oxford follows on the same side, especially urging the importance of the Church speaking for herself, instead of being 'misrepresented by those who seek popularity and power for themselves by assuming the easy and attractive character of reforming churchmen.' The Bishop of Salisbury advocates the same measure, more especially on the ground of those changes in the constitution of the legislature effected by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and removal of the Roman-catholic disabilities, and hazards the preposterous assertion that prior to those acts 'the legislature consisted entirely of members of the Church.' After this, we may, perhaps, find Edward Gibbon in the calendar, and the Earl of Chatham quoted as one of the modern fathers. Those who are only acquainted with the more important writings of the Archbishop of Dublin will probably be surprised to find his Grace not only advocating the restoration of these dangerous powers, but representing himself—though with great modesty—as the long-standing leader of the cause; designating the modern notions as 'views which I had long since advocated in the House year after year, when I stood almost alone. The Bishops of Winchester and Manchester take the opposite side, and the Bishop of St. David's and Archbishop Churton give in their adhesion, the former with some hesitation to this hazardous, but, as we venture to predict, unsuccessful movement. 'So long,' says the bishop, 'as we consider the subject in the abstract, and confine ourselves to the general notion of a representative deliberative assembly, the wish that has been expressed for the revival of such assemblies in the Church seems both natural and reasonable, and it is one from which I cannot withhold my sympathy. The power of deliberating on its own affairs seems inseparable from the very notion of a corporate body which is not a mere machine or passive instrument of a higher will, and therefore most especially to belong of right to a Christian Church.'—'Charge,' p. 52.

THE PROSPECTS OF OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES, and of this country in connexion with them, appear to be daily brightening. The production of gold from Mount Alexander alone is so large as to be scarcely credible. The amount sent to Melbourne for the weeks ending respectively the 11th, 18th, and 25th of June, were 80,000, 91,000, and 105,000 ounces, giving an average of 92,000 ounces, equivalent to £370,000 weekly, or nearly twenty millions sterling per annum! The immense sums thus accruing as the reward of individual enterprise have not only interrupted communication from the colony, by seducing the crews of ships from their duty, but have also created an immense demand for general labour, and proportionately increased the remuneration of the employed of every class. This circumstance has suggested the policy, at once wise and beneficent, of promoting the emigration of our able-bodied, but dependent poor, to a continent blessed with such a variety of natural advantages, and now found to be enriched with such prodigious native resources. After a disgraceful contest, the inhabitants of the metropolitan parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields have succeeded in obtaining an extra rate, with the proceeds of which they have initiated an excellent system of pauper emigration. The emigrants comprised twenty-four men, eighteen women, thirteen boys and

girls, and three infants—in all, 58. The tender for conveying them is £15 per adult. Every one will be supplied with an ample outfit. A small sum will be placed in the hands of the captain, to be distributed by way of *honorarium*, and the adults will have £1, and the children 10s. each in their pockets, on their arrival at the colony. This excellent example has just been followed in Ireland, where, from two unions, sixty young women have been shipped for Australia, with a suitable provision for their wants. The records of at least one benevolent society, for the promotion of this object, give us full confidence in the success of the scheme; and not the least interesting case which has been published, is that of a boy from one of the Ragged Schools in the metropolis, who was assisted to emigrate in 1850, who never went to the gold diggings, but who, on the 5th of March, 1852, addressed a letter to his father in England, accompanying a box of gold dust, worth upwards of ninety pounds, and constituting probably only a portion of his savings from the wages of ordinary labour. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this scheme, both to this country and to that favoured continent which bids fair to become to the southern hemisphere the grand centre of civilization, commerce, and religion.

This state of things, however, is likely to produce some effects upon our own country of a very important kind. It is calculated that no fewer than *three hundred and fifty thousand* individuals emigrated last year from Great Britain and Ireland, and that during the present year no fewer than one hundred thousand have left this country for the gold-fields of Australia alone. It should be borne in mind that a large proportion of these masses belong to our working classes; and not only so, but it is the most industrious, successful, and enterprising of those classes who for the most part have the faith and fortitude to venture on so great a change. That this efflux of population should tell upon the labour market was doubtless expected; and its effects were most distinctly perceived during the late harvest, and are still increasingly felt in the manufacturing interest, as well as by private families in some parts of the country, in the paucity of domestic servants. Yet, simultaneously with this, an increase has occurred in the demand for labour altogether without precedent. That comprehensive measure of commercial policy, in the passing of which, to adopt a parliamentary phraseology, while Colonel Thompson was the direct originator, Cobden and Bright were the mover and seconder, and Sir Robert Peel the representative sovereign, has produced, contrary to the vaticinations of interested parties, a vast increase in the manufactures and exports of this country. That augmentation continues to an extent which seems to constitute it a law, the interruption of which is only threatened either by a reckless spirit of speculation, or by extrinsic events which no human sagacity can prognosticate. The vast increase of our productive power, which has recently been made, is, to all appearance, justifiable on the principles of commercial prudence. In Lancashire and Yorkshire, the districts of which Manchester may be regarded as the capital, the increase of machinery within the last few months amounts to 3717 horse-power, and necessitates the employment of no less than 14,000 additional hands. A single instance has been mentioned in the public prints of a mill for the manufacture of alpaca and similar goods, which covers six

acres of ground, around which the proprietor is building seven hundred cottages for the work people, the whole involving a cost of £500,000. The natural rise of wages consequent on this contemplated increase of production is evidently not the only subject for consideration. Regarded in connexion with the diminished supply of labour occasioned by emigration, it suggests the question,—whence is this deficiency to be made up? This inquiry points attention to our continental neighbours; and it seems probable that as their skilled artisans were formerly driven to our shores by persecution, they will now be invited to them under more benign conditions. Heretofore, under a hard compulsion, they have brought us manufactures which, though not indigenous, the enterprise and ingenuity of the British people have perfected into a staple of national wealth; and now it seems the sign of the times that the influence of an extended emigration, combined with the pacific spirit of the age, will neutralize the isolation of our insular position, and unite us with the continent in those ties which, originating in mutual commercial interests, may bind nations to us in a cordial fraternity.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has troubled society to its depths, has absorbed for a time the attention of the British people, and given a new and unexpected current to the press of Europe. The fall of such a man, the subsidence of such an unexampled multitude of honours without the possibility of transmission, the contrast of individual mortality with an imperishable fame, seems for a moment to suspend the breath of the nation, as the rupture of the last link which connects the calm progress of the present with the stormy history of a past generation. The traditions of our fathers spring into a sort of personal realization; and the tide of history seems to suffer an unnatural ebb, which discloses long-covered spaces, and to bring us face to face with events which transpired before we had an existence. The associate of Pitt, the companion-in-arms of Nelson, the counsellor of departed monarchs and of senates now almost historical, has at length, in the fulness of age and of honour, submitted to the common lot. In this event men of all parties must find much to occasion at once a respectful remembrance and a candid forgetfulness. The Duke, like all great men, was created by his age; but the age which created him was a very different one from that which has witnessed the close of his astonishing career: and amidst the doubtful glory of a thousand victories, and the opulence of honours reaped as a harvest grown on the very heights of civilized Europe, perhaps his most lasting distinction will be that he grew with time, and that a nature plastic enough to be moulded by the pressure of successive events adapted itself, to the last, to a condition of things the most opposite to that which surrounded him in the rigid resolution of his youth. With native aristocratic tendencies, which no less than his constitutional temperament led him far towards absolutism, he accepted the Reform Bill, emancipated the Catholics, and liberated the commerce of his country. A Spartan in his native manners, he was the dignified Athenian of polished society; a soldier almost by birth, he was the head of one of the most celebrated universities in the world; and when the ermine of nobility covered the epaulettes of the warrior and the orders of the hero, it was hard to say which was the more becoming decoration. He furnished a striking exception to the roll cited by Juvenal as illustrations of the misfortunes of longevity, inasmuch as the

only diminution of his greatness is the humiliation of the grave. Thus much may justly be said, without a fulsome panegyric, of a man from many of whose principles we widely dissent, and on much of whose career we look with pensive regret. We could desire, if it were not a vain wish, that the posthumous honours which will crown the course and the name of Wellington might take the character of the present, and catch the rays of the future, rather than reflect the lights and the shadows of the past. In so far as the Duke of Wellington has been a faithful servant of the people and a loyal subject of the Crown; in so far as he has sacrificed irrational predilections to the cause of progress and the mandates of a nation's will; in so far as he has curbed an instinctive impetuosity beneath the dictates of patriotism and political justice; in so far as he has healed divisions and soothed the animosities of party, let him have all the laurels of honour which can spring up over his tomb, watered by the tears of a nation's gratitude. But for the sake of peace and progress, and in the name of religion and humanity, let us not disentomb the ashes of Waterloo, the carnage of the Peninsula, and the Ganges of blood which in India satiated the Moloch of war. Let his military fame be the immortality of a lasting regret; and let it be the best consolation of our sorrow for his death, that he has lived long enough almost to forget the exploits which constitute the substance of his glory.

We cannot dismiss this topic without a reference to the conduct of the Queen in connexion with this event. On hearing of it her Majesty, and her family and household, in their privacy at Balmoral, immediately paid those outward tokens of respect for the memory of the Duke of Wellington which, in courts, are usually reserved for royalty alone. At the same time she signified through her prime minister her desire that public honours should be paid to the deceased; but that the interment should be postponed until after the meeting of parliament, in order that the representatives of the people might determine the mode of paying due respect to the ashes of the great Commander, and that those honours might be the expression of the mind of the British nation, and not the dictate of personal, though royal, partiality. Her Majesty has subsequently issued the following general order, to be read at the head of every regiment in the British army —

‘The Queen feels assured that the army will participate in the deep grief with which her Majesty has received the intelligence of the irreparable loss sustained by herself and by the country, in the sudden death of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

‘In him her Majesty has to deplore a firm supporter of her throne, a faithful, wise, and devoted counsellor, and a valued and honoured friend.

‘In him the army will lament the loss of a commander-in-chief unequalled for the brilliancy, the magnitude, and the success of his military achievements, but hardly less distinguished for the indefatigable and earnest zeal with which, in times of peace, he laboured to maintain the efficiency and promote the interests of that army which he had so often led to victory.

‘The discipline which he exacted from others, as the main foundation of the military character, he sternly imposed upon himself; and the Queen desires to impress upon the army that the greatest Commander whom England ever saw has left an example for the imitation of every soldier,

in taking as his guiding principle, in every relation of life, an energetic and unhesitating obedience to the call of duty.'

Such graceful regard to the memory of a meritorious public servant, and such equally graceful consideration of the claims of the parliament and the people, deserve the tribute of public respect, and are more calculated to secure the integrity and permanence of our monarchical institutions than all the pomp of regal state and all the array of imperial power.*

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* The Messrs. Longman have reprinted, 'by permission,' the admirable memoir of the Duke which appeared in the 'Times' of September 15th and 16th. It forms Part xxxi. of 'The Traveller's Library,' and cannot fail to have—what it richly merits—a wide circulation.